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WEEKLY OHIO STATE JOURNAL

ANNUAL

1886.

Presented by the Publishers.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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Walt Whitman

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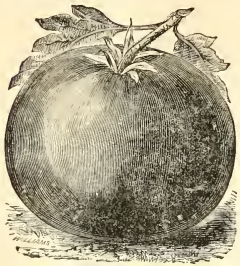

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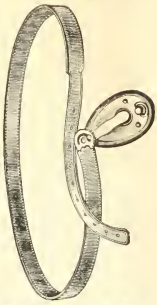

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THE

WEEKLY OHIO STATE JOURNAL

ANNUAL

— FOR —

1886

EMBODYING A COMPLETE COMPILATION OF THE DAILY REPORTS RELATING TO THE LAST ILLNESS, DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF

GEN. U. S. GRANT,

INCLUDING ALSO VALUABLE HISTORICAL DATA,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

COMPILED BY J. C. BRIGGS.

Presented by the Publishers To Every Yearly Subscriber of the

WEEKLY OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

CALENDAR FOR 1886.

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ESTABLISHED 1811.

OHIO STATE JOURNAL,

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no history so fresh and piquant as that recorded by the newspaper. Written immediately upon the completion of events, and during the process of completion, there is a charm of freshness about such reading that the historian of after years, who deals in cold facts and deductions, without the inspiring enthusiasm of current contact, cannot approximate. The history of GENERAL GRANT will one day be compiled, when the great work and acts of his life have wrought out their legitimate effects, and when his greatness may be carefully weighed, so to speak, in the balance of results; but this history can never have such interest to those who loved and admired the great captain as the daily newspaper record of the latter days of his life, his long illness and death, and the marvelous honors that were paid his memory in the sixteen days following his demise until the final interment in Riverside Park. The following compilation has been made with a view of preserving, in permanent form, this instantaneous photography in all its freshness, and the selections have been made from the best journals of the country, and from the reports of the Western Associated Press, which latter in its entirety reads like a splendid romance. Of course, much that follows has been read by the public, but probably by no one in the connected form presented here, and certainly it is not in better shape anywhere for permanent preservation. The book is published as one in the series of Annuals which the WEEKLY OHIO STATE JOURNAL has been accustomed for many years to send gratuitously to every yearly subscriber. It is not on sale anywhere, nor will it be, for obvious reasons.

OHIO STATE JOURNAL CO.

U. S. Grant

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

Born at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio	April 27, 1822
Entered West Point Military Academy	1839
Graduated and entered the Army	1843
Commissioned full Lieutenant	Sept. 30, 1845
Promoted to First Lieutenant	Sept. 8, 1847
Married to Miss Julia T. Dent	1848
Promoted to Captain	Aug. 5, 1853
Resigned	July 31, 1854
Reported for duty to Governor Yates	April 19, 1861
Made Colonel 21st Regt. Ill. Vol	June 17, 1861
Commissioned Brigadier General Vol	Aug. 7, 1861
Battle of Belmont	Nov. 7, 1861
Captured Fort Henry	Feb. 6, 1862
Captured Fort Donelson	Feb. 16, 1862
Battle of Shiloh	April 6—7, 1862
Vicksburg Captured	July 4, 1863
Promoted Major General, Regular Army	July, 1863
Battle of Chattanooga	Nov. 24 -25, 1863
Made Lieutenant General	March 9, 1864
Moved on Richmond	May 3, 1864
Battle of the Wilderness	May 5—6—7, 1864
Battle of Spottsylvania Court House	May 9 to 12, 1864
Cold Harbor	June 1, 1864
Petersburg—first attack	June 17, 1864
Petersburg—second assault	July 30, 1864
Hatcher's Run	March 29, 1865
Five Forks	April 1, 1865
Petersburg Captured	April 2, 1865
Richmond Captured	April 3, 1865
Lee surrendered	April 9, 1865
Commissioned General	July 25, 1866
Made Secretary of War	Aug. 12, 1867
Nominated for President at Chicago	May 21, 1868
Renominated at Philadelphia	June 5, 1872
Retired from the Presidential office	March 5, 1877
Began his foreign tour	May 17, 1877
Returned via San Francisco	Sept. 20, 1879
Received in Columbus	Dec. 12, 1879
Made a tour in Mexico	1880
Second tour in Mexico	1881
Located in New York	1882
Placed on the retired list	March 3, 1885

Died at 8:08 o'clock A. M., Thursday, July 23, 1885. Aged 63 years 2 months 26 days.

General U. S. Grant.

ANCESTRY.

The great captains of the world appear to have sprung from what may be called the common people. The primitive conditions of life seem to have been needed to develop the quality of dogged tenacity that is essential to success in war. The great soldier who passed away July 23, 1885, embodied in his composition all the stronger characteristics that have been shown in successful warriors since the world began.

General Grant's great grandfather was a captain, and his grandfather a soldier in our early wars. The former was killed at the battle of White Plains, in 1756, and the latter did good service in the Revolution. Jesse R. Grant, his father, was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., in 1794.

In 1805 his father died, and Jesse, then eleven years of age, was apprenticed to a tanner. The family removed to Maysville, Ky., and afterwards settled at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, O.

Grant's mother was Hannah Simpson, the daughter of John Simpson. She was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, but removed with her father and family to Clermont county, Ohio, in 1818, where, in June, 1821, she married Jesse R. Grant.

BIRTH.

On the 27th of April, 1822, their first child, known to the world as Ulysses Simpson Grant, was born in a small one story cottage, still standing on the banks of the Ohio. The boy was christened Hiram Ulysses, but when he was appointed to West Point, his application was made in the name of Ulysses S. Grant, the congressman making the application evidently confusing his name with that of a younger brother, named Simpson, in honor of the mother. An effort was made to have the mistake rectified at the academy, but it failed, his warrant being made out for Ulysess Sidney Grant, which name he accepted, only changing the Sidney to Simpson.

AT WEST POINT.

A comrade for two years at West Point writes of his life there:

"I remember him as a plain, commonsense, straight-forward youth; quiet, calm, thoughtful and unaggressive; shunning notoriety; quite contented, while others were grumbling; taking to his military duties in a business-like manner; not a prominent man in the corps, but respected by all, and very popular with his friends. His sobriquet of "Uncle Sam" was given to him then, where every good fellow has a nickname, from these very qualities; indeed, he was a very uncle-like sort of a youth. He was an excellent horseman, and his picture rises before me as I write, in the old torn coat (riding-jackets had not then been issued), absolescent leather gigtop, loose riding pantaloons, with spurs buckled over them, going with his clanking saber to the drill-hall. His best standing was in the mathematical branches, and their application to tactics and military engineering."

LIEUT. GRANT.

Grant left West Point as brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, and joined his regiment July 1, 1843, at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. In the summer of 1844 the regiment was transferred to Natchitoches, La., and in 1845 to Corpus Christi, to watch the Mexican army, then concentrating on the frontier. Grant was made full second lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment on the 30th of September, 1845. But he had formed an attachment for the Fourth, and applied to remain in it. This was granted by the War Department. He first saw active service at Palo Alto and Resaca, May 6 and 7, 1846, and participated in the bloody battle of Monterey, September 23, 1846. His regiment was soon after called away from Gen. Taylor's command, to join Gen. Scott in his splendid campaign from Vera Cruz to Mexico. He was at the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847; and on April 1, preparatory to the advance, he was appointed regimental quartermaster, a position which he held during the remainder of the war, though personally participating in every engagement possible. At Molino del Rey September 8, 1847, he was distinguished, and was brevetted first lieutenant for his services. This brevet, however, owing to the fact of his becoming a full first lieutenant by the casualities of that battle, he declined.

CAPTAIN GRANT.

At Chapultepec he received the brevet of captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct," awarded in 1849, but not confirmed until 1850.

At the close of the Mexican war the Fourth Regiment was sent to New York, and afterwards to Detroit and Sackett's Harbor. In August, 1848, he married Miss Dent, sister to his classmate, Frederick J. Dent, who resided in St. Louis. In 1851 Grant went with the regiment to Oregon, and was afterwards ordered to Fort Dallas, where he saw some service against the Indians. After two years absence from his family, and with but little prospect of promotion at that time, Grant having been promoted to a full captaincy in August, 1853, he resigned his commission July 31, 1854.

PRIVATE CITIZEN.

As a private citizen he began life as a small farmer and dealer in wood near St. Louis, at which he made a precarious living. He is also said to have served as auctioneer, though his customary reticence is against it. In 1860 he entered into partnership with his father, who had been prosperous in the tanning business, in a new leather store in Galena, Ill.

It may easily be conceived how the treachery of Southern leaders, the secession of South Carolina, and the bombardment of Fort Sumter affected Grant. A decided Democrat before the war, he had, in his limited sphere, been in favor of conceding to the South all its rights, and even more; but when the struggle actually began his patriotism and military ardor were aroused together. As a patriot, he was determined to support his government and uphold the flag; and as a soldier, he saw opening before him a career of distinction for which he had been educated, and in which already he had in some degree distinguished himself.

HIS SERVICES AGAINST THE REBELLION.

In April he raised a company, and in May tendered his services to Governor Yates. He was soon after appointed mustering officer of the State, and not long after that was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, three-months men. They subsequently enlisted, owing to their confidence in him, for three years' service. He took command of the regiment at Springfield, Ill., and superintended their drill, and, not long after, he marched them, in default of railway transportation, 120 miles, to Quincy, from which point he began operations in Missouri, in opposition to Jeff Thompson. In August, 1861, he received his commission of brigadier general of volunteers, and was placed in control of what was known as "the District of Southeast Missouri."

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Grant's first engagement was on the 7th of November, 1861, at Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus, Ky. The engagement wore the appearance of a defeat, since it ended by the Union force retreating to their starting point, leaving their dead and wounded in the enemy's hands. Subsequent reports, however, put a different phase upon it, as it was made to appear what was the object of the expedition—to demonstrate upon Polk's works and prevent him reinforcing some troops against whom Pope was operating in Missouri.

FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

The brilliant engagements ending with the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, of which Grant was the directing genius, occurred in the February following, having been set on foot some weeks earlier. The easily-won victory of Fort Henry was followed by the capture of Fort Donelson, won at the end of two day's hard fighting. Fort Donelson was defended by Generals Floyd and Pillow, with a force of 16,000 to 18,000 men and a very heavy armament of columbiads and field pieces. The work was a very strong one, every way worthy to defend the most important strategic point in the West. A terrific fight was made by the Confederates on the 15th, but during that night, it having become apparent that Grant's energy was certain to compel capitulation, Floyd and Pillow, accompanied by a regiment or two, fled, leaving the place to be surrendered by Gen. Buckner, next in command. On the morning of the 16th Buckner sent a letter to Grant relative to surrendering to him, and asking an armistice until 12 o'clock. It was on this occasion that General Grant wrote his first famous letter, as follows:

"*To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Confederate Army:*

"Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

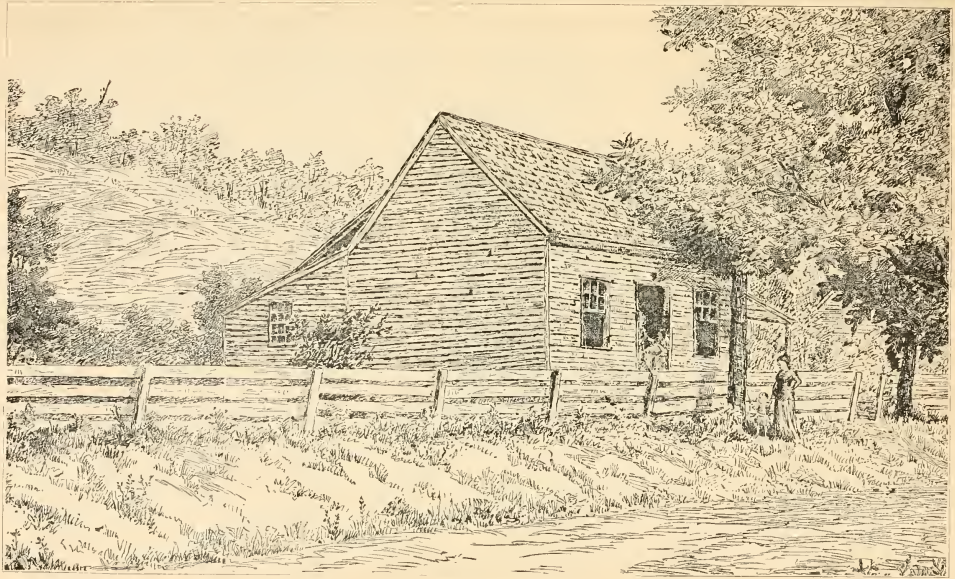
"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

"Brig. Gen. U. S. A. Commanding."

The style exhibited in the communication to Gen. Buckner fairly exemplifies Grant's style of correspondence in similar exigencies throughout the war. He was always laconic, but never affectedly so. He always embraced all the essential points at issue, but never expanded upon them.

The victory at Donelson was dearly bought, though not less so than could have been expected from the exceding strength of the works to be taken and the courage with which the Confederate troops fought. Of the Union forces 446 were killed, 1,735 wounded and 150 made prisoners; while the Rebels lost in killed 231, in wounded 1,007, and in prisoners nearly 14,000, a few having escaped with Floyd and Pillow.



General Grant's Birth Place, Point Pleasant, Ohio.

The capture of Fort Donelson, with all its defenders, except Gen. Floyd's brigade, was the first brilliant and substantial victory that had crowned the Federal arms. To the gratification at so great a military success was added a popular admiration of the terse and soldierly declaration in which the surrender had been demanded; and the hero of the affair sprang at once into national celebrity. He was immediately commissioned major-general of volunteers, to date from February 16

PITTSBURG LANDING

Gen. C. F. Smith had been directed by Gen. Halleck to make an expedition up the Tennessee with about 40,000 men; but he died soon after it started, and the command devolved upon Gen. Grant. A large portion of the force, after lying three weeks at Pittsburg Landing, in preparation for an attack on Corinth, was attacked at daybreak of April 6 by an overwhelming Confederate force under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and driven from its camp with heavy loss. Gen. Grant arrived on the field of battle at 8 A. M., and reformed the lines. Heavy reinforcements under Gen. Buell, having arrived during the night, the battle was resumed on the 7th, and the enemy, defeated, withdrew to Corinth, the commanding Confederate General having lost his life. Gen. Grant was slightly wounded. Gen. Halleck, arriving at the front two or three days afterward, began siege operations against Corinth; but the Confederates evacuated the place on the last days of May. Halleck was called to Washington on July 11, and Grant became commander of the Department of West Tennessee, with headquarters at

CORINTH.

On September 17, Grant ordered an advance from Corinth, to stop the progress of the Confederate Gen. Price, who had a large force concentrated at Iuka. A battle was fought at the place September 19, and a complete victory gained. As Gen. Bragg's forces were pushing toward the Ohio river, Grant now removed his headquarters to Jackson, Tenn. The Confederates under Price and Van Dorn, 40,000 strong, attacked his position at Corinth, which was held by Rosecrans with about 20,000 men (October 3 and 4). After a desperate fight the assailants were repulsed with heavy loss, and pursued beyond the Hatchie river. Buell moved out to intercept Bragg, and defeated him at Perryville, October 8, whereupon he retreated to East Tennessee.

VICKSBURG.

On the 16th of October, Gen. Grant's department was extended by the addition of a portion of Mississippi, as far as Vicksburg, and designated as the department of the Tennessee. After unsuccessful movements against Vicksburg, "the Gibraltar of the Mississippi," from the North, Grant moved his army down the west bank of the river, crossed to the east side at a point below the city on the last day of April, 1863, defeated the enemy in the actions of Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill, and Big Black, preventing Gen. J. E. Johnston from joining Pemberton at Vicksburg, and laid siege to that place May 18. The city surrendered, with about 31,600 prisoners, on July 4, 1863. Thereupon Grant was promoted to the rank of major general in the regular army.

In October he was placed in command of the military division of the Mississippi, comprising the departments commanded by Sherman, Thomas, Burnside and Hooker. Immediately after the capture of Vicksburg he had sent heavy reinforcements to Gen. Sherman on the Big Black river, who was thereby enabled to drive the Confederate force under Johnston out of Jackson.

MISSIONARY RIDGE AND LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Grant then concentrated his forces for the defense of Chattanooga, which was threatened by Bragg, and the latter's positions on Missionary Ridge and Lookout mountain were carried by assault on November 24 and 25. Bragg's forces retreated to Dalton, Ga., being followed as far as Ringgold. The pursuing columns were then sent to the relief of Knoxville, which, held by Burnside, was closely invested by Longstreet.

COMMISSIONED LIEUT. GENERAL.

The first measure passed in the congressional session of 1863-64 was a resolution providing that a gold medal be struck for Gen. Grant, and returning thanks to him and his army. A bill reviving the grade of lieutenant general in the army was passed by Congress, and on March 1, 1864, received the signature of President Lincoln, who at once nominated Gen. Grant for the position. The Senate confirmed the nomination on the following day. Grant arrived in Washington on March 9, received his commission at the hands of the President, and on the 17th issued his first general order, dated at Nashville, assuming command of the armies of the United States, and announcing that headquarters would be in the field, and, until further orders, with the

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Not before during the civil war had any one general in the field commanded all the national armies. Grant, with nearly 700,000 men in the field, at once planned two campaigns, to be directed simultaneously against vital points of the Confederacy by the two chief armies under his command, the one under Gen. Meade to operate against Richmond, defended by Lee; the other, under Gen. Sherman, against Atlanta, defended by Johnston. At midnight, on May 3, Grant began the movement against Rich-

GENERAL GRANT AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE U. S. ARMY, IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

[From a Daguerreotype.]

mond, crossing the Rapidan with the Army of the Potomac, which was joined two days later by the Ninth Corps under Burnside, and, with an aggregate force of 140,000 men, pushed through the Wilderness by the right of Lee's position, in the endeavor to place himself between the Confederate army and the Confederate capital. Lee was apprised of the movement on the morning of the 4th, and boldly took the offensive, pushing eastward to strike the Federal columns on the march. The immediate result was the bloody battle of the Wilderness, which foiled Grant's first attempt to interpose his army between Lee's and Richmond. Making another advance by the left flank, he was again confronted by Lee at Spottsylvania; and after partial success and a bloody repulse, he repeated the movement, only to find Lee in a strong position on the North Anne river, and still a fourth advance brought the Army of the Potomac before the absolutely impregnable rifle pits of Cold Harbor. After a costly assault on these, Grant once more moved his army by the left flank and crossed the James. The day after the success of Spottsylvania, he had sent the famous dispatch to the Government:

"I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."

Sherman opened his campaign toward Atlanta as soon as Grant telegraphed him that the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rapidan. At the same time Grant had directed Sigel to advance from Winchester up the Shenandoah toward Stanton, and Crook to advance from Charleston up the Kanawha toward Lynchburg. But Sigel was defeated at Newmarket by Breckenridge, and Crook, after considerable fighting, was compelled to retreat. Meanwhile, Gen. Butler, with the Army of the James, had been directed to capture and hold Petersburg, and if possible, to invest Richmond closely from the south side, but had totally failed to do so. All these flanking movements being foiled, and Lee being neither defeated in the open field nor cut off from Richmond, the

great problem of the war instantly narrowed itself down to a siege of Petersburg, which Grant now began. Lee's attempt to create a diversion by an invasion of Maryland and an attack on Washington failed. Sheridan ultimately driving back the invaders up the valley of the Shenandoah; while, in Georgia, Johnston was unable to check the advance of Sherman; and his successor in command, Hood, was forced to evacuate Atlanta, and lost his army before Nashville. The siege of Petersburg ended after the victory at Five Forks, in the beginning o April, 1865, when Richmond was evacuated and Lee retreated westward toward Danville, followed closely by Grant, who finally forced the surrender of his remaining force, which took place at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

AFTER THE WAR

Grant fixed his headquarters at Washington, going directly to that city from the field at Appomattox. On July 25, 1866, he was commissioned General of the United States army, the rank having been created for him. On August 12, 1867, when President Johnston suspended Secretary Stanton from office, Gen. Grant was made Secretary of War ad interim, and held the position until January 14, 1868, when he returned it to Mr. Stanton, whose removal the Senate had refused to sanction. The President wished Grant to retain the office, notwithstanding the action of Congress, and Grant, in a letter to him, dated February 3, said :

"I can but regard this whole matter, from the beginning to the end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law, for which you hesitate to assume the responsibility and orders, and thus to destroy my character before the country. I am, in a measure, confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior, and your subordinate, without having countermanded his authority to issue the orders I am to disobey."

PRESIDENT.

Long before the assembling of the Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1868, it was apparant that Gen. Grant would be the nominee. On the 21st of May, in that year, his name was presented before the convention, and he received the unanimous vote on the first ballot. Hon. Schuyler Coltax was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the sixth ballot. In the election in November of that year they received a popular majority of 309,684, and 214 electoral votes to but eighty for Seymour and Blair. In 1872 Grant was renominated, with Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, as Vice-President, Grant having no opposition and being nominated by acclamation. As opposing candidates the Democratic party put up Horace Greeley and Benj. Gratz Brown. Grant and Wilson carried thirty-one of the thirty-seven states, receiving a popular majority of 762,991, and 286 electoral votes in a college of 366. The votes of Arkansas, 6, Louisiana, 8, cast for Grant, were rejected, otherwise he would have received 300.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The second term of Gen. Grant as President of the United States expired on March 4, 1877. He soon left Washington for Philadelphia, with the design of making a tour of the world. This he began on May 17, with his wife and eldest son embarking on the steamship Indiana at that port. He arrived at Liverpool on the 28th, having made the passage in eleven days. From Liverpool he went to London, and dined with the Duke of Wellington on the 2d of June. During his stay in England the General was honored with an invitation to dine with Queen Victoria at Windsor. The dinner took place on the 26th of June. The next morning the General and his party returned to London, and for some days afterward received the most flattering attentions from the nobility and statesmen of the kingdom. On the 26th of July, after having made a tour through Scotland and Ireland, the party left for Geneva, Switzerland. A tour of Northern Italy was then made; thence back through Alsace and Lorraine, returning to London, when he again sailed, July 5, for Ostend. On the 7th, King Leopold called on Gen. Grant at his hotel, and had a long conversation with him. The visit was returned the next day at the palace. The party arrived at Palermo, Italy, on the 23d of December. Here they spent Christmas, and dined on board the United States ship, Vandalia. On the 1st morning of January 19, 1878, the ex-President and his companions entered Siout, Egypt. From Egypt they proceeded to Jaffa, on the Mediterranean, and thence made a tour of the Holy Land. Embarking at Beyrout, Syria, they reached Constantinople, and arrived there immediately after the treaty of San Stefano, which ended the Russo-Turkish war. Thence he proceeded to European Turkey, and returned to Stamboul on March 5th. The party soon sailed for Italy, arriving in Rome soon after the election of Leo XIII to the pontificate. They arrived in Paris on the 7th of May, and thence to Holland. From Holland they went to Germany, arriving at Berlin on June 26th. They reached Hamburg by rail on July 2, and made a tour through Denmark, Sweden and Norway. From Stockholm they sailed for St. Petersburg, visiting the principal cities of Russia and Poland, reaching Vienna on the 18th of August. Thence the tour took them through Switzerland, southern France and Spain, reaching Victoria on the 16th of October. In January, 1879, they sailed for Ireland, going thence to Paris. On the 24th they embarked at Marseilles for Bombay, where they

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arrived on the 12th of February. On the 17th of March, Gen. Grant proceeded to Burmah, and thence to China. At Bangkok he received a letter from the King of Siam, inviting him to visit that kingdom as the guest of the government. The letter was incased in Royal purple satin. The party arrived at Hong Kong on the evening of April 30, and at Canton on May 6. The ex-President and his party reached Yokohama, Japan, about the 1st of July, and on the 4th the distinguished tourist, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, was admitted to an audience with the Emperor and Empress. The Mikado welcomed his guest in a cordial speech, highly eulogistic of the ex-President, and of the country which he represented. A special and highly complimentary feature of his visit to China was his conversation with Li-Hung Chang, Viceroy of the Province of Tien-Tsin, in which the General was invited to become the mediator between that government and Japan, concerning the Loo-Choo difficulty, the Viceroy's proposition being authorized by Prince Kung. The party left Yokohama on the 25th of August, and arrived at San Francisco on September 20.

During this tour he was received with distinguished honor by the following persons, besides many others: Queen Victoria, of England; King Leopold, of Belgium; the Khedive of Egypt; the Sultan of Turkey. King Humbert, of Italy; Pope Leo XIII, President McMahon, of France; the King of Holland; Emperor William, of Germany; Prince Bismarck, King Oscar, of Sweden; the Emperor Alexander, of Russia; the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria; King Alfonso, Spain; President Grevy of France; M. Gambetta, Viceroy Lytton, of India; King Thebau of Burmah; Prince Kung of China; the Emperor of Siam, and the Mikado of Japan.

At the close of the year of 1879 he made a trip to the West Indies and Mexico.

TREATY WITH MEXICO.

In 1882 General Grant, with Mr. Trescott, was appointed commissioner to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico, his interest in the trade of the United States in that region peculiarly fitting him for the discharge of the trust. It will be remembered that during his term as President he urged legislation looking toward the development of American interests in the region of Central America, and of the West Indies, particularly San Domingo, the annexation of which was recommended. The commission consisted of Gen. Grant, Mr. Trescott, and Senors Romero and Canedo, Senor Romero being a particular friend of Gen. Grant.

A CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.

Gen. Grant was also president of a Mexican railway enterprise, though it was never completed. He afterwards took up his residence in New York city, and became, with James D. Fish, a silent partner in the banking firm, Grant & Ward, of which the now notorious Ferdinand Ward was the controlling spirit. On May 8, 1884, the firm collapsed, on account of the rascality of Ward, and the Grants, father and son, lost all they had invested in the firm. A movement was set on foot to raise a fund for the relief of the General, but he discountenanced it, and it was abandoned. Mr. Vanderbilt held the General's personal pledge for $150,000, borrowed but a few days before the failure took place. To satisfy this Gen. Grant executed a mortgage on all his property. An effort was made to relieve the General from this debt, and it resulted in Vanderbilt's offering to convey it back to Mrs. Grant, to be held as a trust, the war relics and personal property of the General to revert to the government after his death. This generous offer was accepted, and the trust is now in the government, President Arthur having communicated it to Congress in a special message.

GENERAL ON RETIRED LIST.

A movement was then begun to put Grant on the retired list. A proposition to pension him was promptly and properly discountenanced by him, and on March 4, 1885, after much trouble on account of partisan prejudice, Congress unanimously empowered the President to nominate a man for the office of General on the retired list. This done, President Arthur promptly signed the bill and sent the name of Grant to the Senate, where it was at once confirmed without opposition, to the evident satisfaction of the entire country.

ACCIDENT.

On the 24th of December, 1883, Gen. Grant sustained a fall while descending the steps of his residence, severely injuring his left thigh and confining him to his bed for weeks, after which he was able to get about on crutches. He was greatly weakened thereby, and the mental distress consequent upon the disastrous outcome of the firm in which his money was invested greatly intensified his sufferings.

SYMPTOMS OF CANCER.

In June, 1884, while living in his cottage at Long Branch, Gen. Grant was very much troubled by his throat. He consulted Dr. DeCosta, of Philadelphia, who was stopping there, and was warned that the trouble might be serious, and that he had better see his family physician. The trouble abated and Gen. Grant thought no more about it until it broke out with renewed violence in October. He consulted Dr. Fordice Barker, who at once detected symptons of cancerous growth, and directed him to a specialist in throat diseases, Dr. J. H. Douglas, of 48 East Twenty-Sixth street. Dr. Douglas advised him to stop smoking gradually, but he

soon ceased it altogether, and felt much better for it. His hip, which had been injured by his fall on December 24, 1883, had improved so much that he was able to take long walks. In November he took cold during one of the walks, and went back to Dr. Douglas. He was then almost unable to speak, and he ate with great difficulty. The root of the tongue was hardened, and there was thick patches on the soft palate, accompanied by a slight ulceration. He had considerable pain, which was relieved by application of muriat of cocaine and iodoform. He became much better, and got along well until a relapse in February.

WORK ON THE MEMOIRS.

All along through his illness, while in the city, Gen. Grant worked on his military history, and on his war reminiscences. He arose about 8 o'clock and read the morning newspapers. He breakfasted at 9:30, and then, accompanied by his colored servant, drove down town to Dr. Douglas's office. When he returned to his house, about 11:30, he would go to work on his book. He wrote it out himself, referring occasionally to Fred Grant for dates and other minutiæ. Col. Fred. Grant wrote out a copy of his father's manuscript. Lunch was taken at 1:30 and the writing was continued until 3:30. Then the General would go out for a drive with Mrs. Grant. He dined at 7 o'clock, and the evenings were passed in social recreations, playing whist or entertaining friends.

An idea of his cheerful courage under such trying circumstances may be had from a conversation had with him by a newspaper correspondent in the latter part of February, at which time the evidences of cancer were very plain. In response to a question as to the state of his health he said:

"I have always been used to a great amount of out-door life, and my accident of last winter has until recently compelled me to remodel my habits to a great extent. Having to go about on crutches, or not at all, I have remained shut up for weeks at a time. If I moved about very much, the pain in my hip came on to an extent which kept me from enjoying existence, and the end of it was that I simply stopped nearly all my exercise. But I am pretty thoroughly cured of that difficulty. You see, I walk now without the aid of so much as a cane, and I don't limp very badly, either."

ALARMING CRISES.

During the closing days of February and the first few days of March the General's illness took a most serious turn, and it seemed that he could not survive more than a very few days at most. He soon rallied, however, and proceeded systematically with his work on his war reminiscences. Again, in the middle of the month of March, he suffered a relapse and great prostration. On the 30th of March he suffered another serious relapse, and it was feared that he could not survive more than a few hours. The doctors had now become convinced that the disease was cancer of the tongue solely, and that all they could do was to ease the General along until his inevitable death. They remained in the house day and night. At times the General became very much alarmed and gave up all hope. On that eventful evening when he was expected to die at any moment the forms of all the newspapers were held in readiness to issue a special edition. There were in the house Doctors Shrady and Douglas. Dr. Shrady had staid up the previous night alone, and was completely worn out. Dr. Douglas, too, being an old man, was very tired. The family were up all night, and with them were Dr. Newman and General Badeau. General Grant was very low all night, and in the early morning had an alarming hemorrhage. The family were gathered around him, every member crying. The General reclined in one chair, with his pillow behind him, and rested his feet on another chair. Dr. Shrady was sleeping in another room. In rushed Dr. Douglas and roused him with the words,

IT'S ALL OVER.

"What!" said Shrady, "do you mean to say that the man is dead?"

"No; not dead, but he will be in a few minutes. Nothing can save him."

Dr. Shrady jumped up and ran into the room where the General was. Mrs. Grant, weeping, reached out her hand and said: "Ulysses, do you know me?"

The General's chin was resting upon his breast. He slowly raised his head and said "Yes."

Dr. Newman exclaimed: "It is all over; I will baptize him." He went quickly into another room, got a silver bowl, filled it with water, came back, dipped his hand into it and said: "I baptize thee, Ulysses Simpson Grant, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

The General slowly raised his head and remarked, "I thank you." Then turning to his family he raised one hand and uttered the words, "I bless you all."

To Doctor Newman he observed: "Doctor, I intended to attend to this myself."

Meanwhile Drs. Shrady and Douglas were consulting with each other in the corner. The strain was intense.

Dr. Douglas said: "He will die, sure. He has gone. The pulse has left the wrist."

Dr. Shrady, as if struck by inspiration, replied: "I will give him brandy."

"You cannot do it; he cannot swallow," said Dr. Douglas."

"I will give it to him hypodermically," answered Dr. Shrady.

"How much?" asked Dr. Douglas.

"A barrelful, if necessary," retorted Dr. Shrady.

Dr. Shrady rushed into another room.

"Harrison," said he to the man-servant, "have you any brandy?" Harrison answered

"yes," and handed him some. Dr. Shrady rushed back and gave Grant a syringeful in each arm. The General revived, the pulse returned to his wrist, and his life was saved.

Dr. Newman walked into an adjoining room with Dr. Shrady and asked: "Doctor, how is he?"

"I don't think he will die," said the doctor. "Our prayers have been answered," said Dr. Newman.

"I think it was the brandy," responded Dr. Shrady.

For three days his life seemed hanging in a delicate balance, but on April 3

HE RALLIED WONDERFULLY

under the influence of injected brandy, and had a new lease of life. For days he seemed kept alive only by his great determination,though at times despondent and apparently weary of the struggle to live. On the 16th of April he surprised the doctors and attendants by going down stairs to breakfast. On the 20th he took a ride. On the 27th he sent out a message acknowledging the congratulations of the people on his birthday. On the 30th he resumed work on his book, which he kept at, as he was able, until it was finished.

TO MOUNT M'GREGOR.

Early in May he began making plans for spending the summer out of the city, and it was arranged that when he did go it would be to Mount McGregor.

June 15th, the last day of General Grant's stay in New York prior to going to Mount McGregor, was spent quietly with the purpose of having him get as much rest and strength as possible. Though the time for him to go was fixed for June 23, his condition had become so much worse, in the sense of an almost complete prostration of his nerves and physical system, that at the Sunday consultation of the physicians it was deemed advisable to remove him as soon as possible from the neighborhood. When the arrangements for his departure were made it was expected that the General would be in a much better condition at the time than he was. Even Sunday night, prior to the thunder-shower, which began about eight o'clock, when the General felt particularly depressed, it was thought that perhaps the journey might have to be postponed. When the subject of a postponement was brought to the General's notice, he brightened, and in a voice husky and low, but with unusual vigor, he said:

"NOW OR NEVER."

At the examination of the General's throat in the afternoon by Doctor Douglas, the local conditions were found to be unchanged to any marked extent. There was an appearance of inflammation in the right side of the palatal curtain, and much stiffness of the jaw because of the large swelling in the neck. He also had at times pains in the back of his throat. The sick man was cheerful, but it was evident that he was keeping up his spirits by his will power. Dr. Douglas called at 9:00 P. M., and found the patient uneasy and nervous. His throat was dressed, and the General quieted down for the night about an hour earlier than usual in the hope that he might get a good rest.

William H. Vanderbilt's private car was the last of three which made up the special train which was to convey General Grant to Mount McGregor.

THE START.

On the morning of the 16th the General was driven to 45th street, and arrived about 9.00 o'clock. He at once entered the Vanderbilt car, and took his seat on a sofa. With his own hands he adjusted his woolen skull cap, and drew closer the neck scarf so as to conceal the ugly swelling that filled out the right side of his neck, even with the ear. He watched with apparent interest the movements of Dr. Douglas and Harrison, who were arranging chairs and bags so that the General should be as comfortable as possible during the trip. Heavy drapery was so arranged as to prevent any drafts from reaching the sick man. Mrs. Grant sat at the General's right hand, and he was ever under her watchful eyes. The ride through the tunnel in the city was the worst that was to be expected during the entire trip. The sharp curves shook the car a little, but the care of the engineer prevented any skaking that could disturb the General. Mrs. Fred. Grant, Mrs. Ulysses Grant and Mrs. Sartoris were also in the car, while the children of the household were under the care of Colonel Fred. Grant in a forward car. General Grant passed a restless night and looked much depressed and emaciated. While he watched everything that was done he did not speak a word.

AT BARRYTOWN

Colonel Fred. Grant was half reclining on a sofa by Dr. Douglas, and by the General's side, when Stony Point was passed at 9.45. "When Anthony Wayne stormed Stony Point," shouted Colonel Grant above the clatter of the train, and so the physician and his patient could hear, 'my great-grandfather, Captain Dent, was commander of the forlorn hope, and when they reached the walls he had his men stand on each other's shoulders, and then the Captain scaled the rampart, or the wall, and pulled his men up one by one over the human ladder. They then descended and opened the gates of the fortress and let in Wayne's men." The General inclined his head a trifle and smiled faintly at the relation of the incident.

"UP HERE AT TICONDEROGA,"

continued the Colonel, "father's great grandfather and his brother were killed in the French-English war about 1754." The General heard and nodded assent.

About 10 o'clock Gen. Grant turned a little

in his chair in order that he might command a better view of the west bank of the river. He wanted to get a glimpse of

WEST POINT,

As the train hurried on, the scenery was growing very familiar to the sick man, the scenes of his cadetship were coming to view, and at length, at 10:15, when the quarters at West Point came in view the General nodded across the river and again faintly smiled, as Mrs. Grant glanced across at him, to see if he was noting the point they were passing, and she smiled as he nodded. The ladies hurried to the river side of the car to watch, and Col. Fred. Grant pointed out a pile of rocks which he had heard his father mention in telling his swimming adventures of his student days. The General spoke no word, and followed the scene with his eyes, looking rearward, until West Point was shut out from view by a curve of the road.

Once the General pointed to a residence on the west bank of the river, and, leaning toward Col. Fred. Grant, he attempted to speak and tell him it was the house of a friend, at which in past years he had been entertained, but so weak was his voice that the General could not make himself heard. Dr. Douglas requested him not to make any effort to speak, and bade him write what he had to say, which he did.

At 12 o'clock Dr. Douglas said, "I have made no effort to feel his pulse; I could not do so while the train is in motion. He is showing less fatigue than might have been expected. I am anxious to reach the mountain, so that I can clear his throat of this dust, which is trying to him. He is feeling the heat, but his strength is holding out remarkably well."

The train arrived

AT SARATOGA

on time. A great crowd was at the depot trying to catch sight of the General, but he was visible but a moment as he stepped from the train that had brought him from New York to the one that was to convey him to Mount McGregor. Post Wheeler, G. A. R., in full uniform, acted as a guard, to keep the crowd back.

The sick man arrived

AT MOUNT M'GREGOR

at 2:45 P. M.

The last stage of the journey was the worst. The jolting caused the General much pain and fatigue.

When Gen. Grant alighted from the train here a large banner confronted him, bearing the words, "Welcome to our hero." At that moment a photographer with a camera on the platform took an instantaneous picture of the General alighting. The General, steadied on either side by his attendants, started to walk from the train to the

DREXEL COTTAGE.

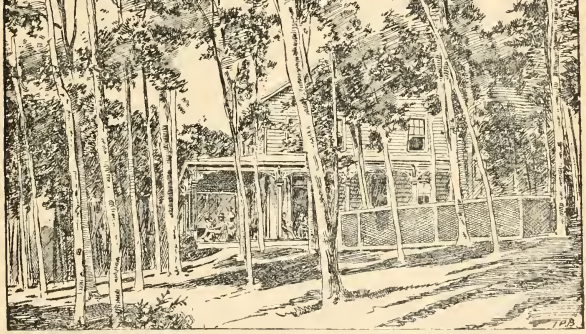
The ascent was easy and the distance short, but his strength failed and he was placed in a chair, which was carried to the cottage by two porters. Mr. Drexel and Mrs. Grant were close behind the General, and his household and servants followed, forming a little procession. On the cottage stoop Miss Drexel welcomed the party and conducted the ladies to their rooms. The General walked to his room on the same level as the broad piazza, and there he sank into a chair with pillows beneath and behind him. Perspiration was standing on his face, and the strain of the journey gave way to reaction and extreme weakness. He lay back with closed eyes, and the nurse fanned his face. Dr. Douglas was anxious to examine and cleanse the General's throat, He found that considerable irritation had been caused by fine black dust which had lodged in the throat during the journey, but said that the surface underneath, though inflamed, appeared better than he had expected. The swelling outside had steadily increased. After passing the Hudson and during the last hour of the trip it rapidly filled forward on the neck and below the collar. The General's voice, which was better at starting than on Monday, had utterly failed him, and any effort to speak resulted only in faint and almost inaudable respirations. The doctor thought this was due to the fatigue, which was greater during the last hour of the trip than at any other time. When the doctor had cleansed and treated his throat, Gen. Grant appeared on the piazza, and was seated on a pillow-cushioned chair with his feet resting in another. His skull cap was drawn downward and his neck protected by the upturned collar of his gown. His elbows rested on the arms of the chair, his hands were clasped, his eyes closed. After ten minutes he arose, and with his cane slowly walked into his room and lay down. In faint whispers he let Dr. Douglas know that the was very weary, and was glad the journey was ended. Then his pulse, ordinarily 71, was 80.

LIFE AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

June 17.—When Gen. Grant sank in his pillowed chair on the piazza of the Drexel cottage soon after his arrival yesterday, the thermometer on a pillow in front of him marked the temperature at 83°. Mr. Drexel said this was an excessive heat for the locality. Clouds and rain at sunset beat the mercury down to overcoat temperature. On through the night until 3 o'clock gusty winds swept the rain in sheets over the mountains, but the sun came up over the Green mountains this morning and found no clouds. At 10 o'clock the thermometer before the General's window marked 65°. Dr. Douglas felt encouraged when he came out at 9 o'clock. He thought the General had slept well, although he had been called to attend him three times during the night. The huskiness of his voice was considerably relieved, but its loss had been owing to

ge eral weakness rather than fatigue, and its recovery would be slow.

Col. Fred. Grant said of his father this morning: "He had considerable rest last night, and this morning his voice has improved so that we can understand him when he tries to whisper. When I went to his room a little while ago he whispered very faintly that he found his voice a little stronger to-day, but that he should not try to use it, hoping that with caution it would grow strong enough so he could talk again. But" added Col. Grant, "the failure of father's voice is owing to debility. and he is growing weaker all the while. The change of air he feels just now, but aside from that the house. Quite often he paused at times with eyes bent to the floor as though intently thinking and again gazing away toward the eastward where the Green mountains were within his view, but while out of doors he most of the time sat motionless with one hand pressing a handkerchief to his mouth to protect his throat from the cool air that had followed the rain of Tuesday night. The other hand grasped a cane which the General now at all times carries The sick man's face was less strained in appearance than when he concluded his journey. About midday the General walked around the corner of the piazza and entered his room. He signified a desire to have his throat



DREXEL COTTAGE, MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y.

his weakness constantly grows upon him."

A little white tent, with small flags fluttering from it, is pitched close to General Grant's cottage. It is occupied by an old soldier in uniform, who has been employed to protect the General from intrusion by strangers.

General Grant was on the piazza of his cottage at noon, but after awhile he returned to his room. The swelling on the General's throat is not abated to-day, and his rest last night was aided by morphine, without which the doctor said he could not have slept.

During his morning airing upon the piazza of his cottage, General Grant slowly and with the aid of his cane walked around

treated, and the physician complied with his wish. The General then stretched himself upon his bed, and the doctor and nurse went away to gain needed rest.

Dr. Douglas has this evening telegraphed Dr. Sands to come here by the first train to-morrow.

AFTER HIS REST,

about three o'clock, and while his physicians and nurse were asleep, the General drew his silk hat over his skull cap, signaled Harrison to his side, and walked down the cottage steps. He walked slowly along the pathway over an easy slope to the brow of the mountain, a hundred

yards away. Several times he paused to rest, and at length sat down on a rustic settee. When a chair was placed for his feet he removed the handkerchief from his mouth and

ESSAYED TO SPEAK,

declining support for his feet, but his voice was not audible, and the General, recognizing the fact, shook his head. The fact that a mess of frogs had been caught during the morning at one of the little mountain lakes near by was mentioned to the General, and he was asked if he would attempt to eat them. Again the General tried to speak, but the attempt did not result in words that were audible, and again he declined by shaking his head. His attention was directed to the monument that marks the surrender of Burgoyne, twenty miles away, but the elevation of his head to gaze so far away seemed painful, and his head bowed,

HIS CHIN DROPPED

To his breast and his eyes rested on nearer objects. The neck and diseased portions are strained, and pain follows when he holds his head erect. Five minutes passed while the General sat on the bluff, and then he arose by steadying himself with the arm of the settee and his cane, and retraced his steps to the cottage.

No one was more surprised at the General's walk than Dr. Douglas. He was amazed that the General should have attempted it, but was amused by his selecting the time when the doctor was asleep to steal over and take a peep from the bluff. Later in the afternoon Dr. Douglas, in referring to the General's actual condition in connection with his walk, expressed himself thus: "The disease is following its characteristic course, which is a course of steadily

INCREASING EXHAUSTION.

We do not look for a cure from this change. Nothing can be curative, but we hope to prolong his life, and that is the most that can be expected. Under the exhilerating effect of this atmosphere and of this cool day he has, for instance, walked over there to the knoll. He might do that easily and not be able to do the same tomorrow or next day. The course of the disease is, as I said, one of increasing debility."

When Gen. Grant reached his cottage after his walk to the brow of the mountain this afternoon he was much exhausted, and

SANK INTO A CHAIR

in the parlor of the cottage. Very soon he indicated by signs that he wanted some writing materials, which were procured for him, and he then wrote for nearly half an hour. The result was two letters or papers. One was headed "Memoranda for my family." In it the General had written that he thought he was failing, and for certain instructions that he desired carried out, he referred his family to other and more definite memoranda prepared by him before leaving New York. The other note he folded and addressed to Dr. Douglas. He handed both the papers to Col. Fred. Grant, and that addressed to the physician is understood to have been of similar import as that to the family.

The afternoon wore away with the General sitting outside on the piazza after having written as stated. The sunset found him still on the piazza, and when dusk deepened on the east side of the mountain he was yet

SITTING SILENTLY

on the porch at one side of the front door of the cottage. When lamps were lighted inside and the light streamed out into the growing darkness the sick man was yet outside, though the air was chill and a stiff breeze was swaying the pine tree tops. Col. Fred. Grant and Dr. Douglas were near at hand. At length, after 8 o'clock, the General went inside the cottage, and Dr. Douglas wrote and sent a message to Dr. Sands in New York. He asked him to come here, if possible, to-night. At 9 o'clock the General retired, and Dr. Douglas then thought that his throat and neck appeared better than on Tuesday night. It is possible that the General's walk this afternoon tested his waning strength too far, and the reaction has brought to him a sense of weakness that he himself feels as not to be lightly disregarded. Whether his weakness to-night is the immediate result of undue exertion to-day, or whether it is the weakness of the reaction after his journey, is a question that the doctors may presume to answer. At 10 o'clock the General seemed to be sleeping in his room. The family at that hour, as during the entire evening, were gathered in the parlor, and Dr. Douglas was with them for the night. At 11 o'clock they retired and the cottage was dark. Dr. Sands leaves New York at 11 o'clock to-night, and will reach here in the morning.

MIDNIGHT.

A dim light is burning in one of the sleeping-rooms. The General's room and that of the doctor are dark, with the house quiet. No change in the General's condition has been announced since.

At 1215 A. M. the Associated Press representative saw Dr. Douglas at the cottage. He said the General slept at once after settling down at 9 o'clock. At 10 P. M. he awoke, and afterward dozed until 1 A. M., when the nurse aroused the doctor. He cleared the General's throat, painted it with cocoaine, gave him food and tried his pulse, which was firm and regular. The General was no weaker than at 6 P. M. The General, when he felt himself weaken in the evening, told Dr. Douglas he cared to have no other doctor called, but that Dr. Douglas might do as he chose, whereupon Dr. Douglas summoned Dr. Sands by telegram.

Dr. Douglas feels no apprehension for tonight.

2 A. M.—The cottage is quiet and dark.

JUNE 18.

Gen. Grant's condition is not materially changed from that of yesterday. Dr. Sands arrived this morning, and at noon he and Dr. Douglas were with Gen. Grant. After Dr. Douglas had attended Gen. Grant at 1 o'clock this morning, the General fell asleep and slept the greater part of the time until 5 o'clock. Then Dr. Douglas again treated his throat with cocoaine and left him to dose, which he did until 8 o'clock. He was dressed at 10 o'clock, but remained indoors, and at noon had not appeared outside. The physician said that the General's condition this morning was not worse than yesterday so far as related to the local trouble. The General's voice, he thought, was somewhat improved this morning. The loss of his voice has been a cause of despondency with Gen. Grant since Sunday last. Yesterday morning he could make himself heard with words, but when, as the day advanced, his voice again completely failed, the General grew

VERY DESPONDENT.

This, added to the bad results of too much exercise yesterday, and both of these supplemented by extreme mental agitation late in the afternoon and evening, furnish the explanation of the note to his family and physicians, and the ground on which Dr. Douglas summoned Dr. Sands to come. Dr. Sands arrived at 11:30 this morning, and he and Dr. Douglas are now (1:30 P. M.) with the General.

Drs. Douglas and Sands finished their examination of the General's throat at 12:45 o'clock. The General then appeared on the piazza, where the family were awaiting him to sit with them and have a

FAMILY PICTURE TAKEN.

After sitting for the picture the General remained on the piazza reading the morning papers. In the meantime the doctors were in consultation. They had found the General's pulse to be 72. Dr. Sands found no particular change in the condition of the throat since Sunday, and both the doctors believe there is no immediate danger of death.

Seven hours of

REFRESHING SLEEP,

the usual taking of liquid, the absence of unusual pain, quiet of body, and no unusual mental strain, constitute the record for General Grant from 9 o'clock Wednesday night to 5 o'clock this afternoon. The fatigue that followed his unwise exertion in walking yesterday was a warning which so good a patient as Gen. Grant will not let go unheeded. Mindful of this he has passed a quiet day. Physically to what degree his mind has been active is knowledge held only by the General, though the doctors would be glad to share such knowledge, as his mental and physical condition last evening were running nearly level. So feeble and trembling was the General's body that even his sturdy pluck seemed to weaken. He was distraught in mind,

DISCOURAGED AT HEART

and weak in body, and because of this wrote the letters to his physicians and family which he would gladly recall to-day. But while unusual temporary weakness may have occasioned the General's despondency on Wednesday evening, he knows and has within a week expressed to a near friend his own assurance that he is

CONSTANTLY GROWING WEAKER

and more exhausted, and he was not deceived in this, and no effort was made to lead the General to a false hope. He was last week frankly told that he was fading out, and that at the end he would probably pass away peacefully of heart failure. When the main spring of vitality had uncoiled, and when the physical machinery had run down, it would stop. Such is the General's anticipation of the end, which he calmly realizes is not a long way distant, and impossible to avert. His courage sank to a low ebb, and, realizing the powerful influence of the mind upon physical conditions such as obtain now in Gen. Grant's case, Dr. Douglas summoned Dr. Sands. The latter came and found no alarming symptons, saw the General in better spirits, and at 5:30 this evening started back to New York.

Temporary influences may render the General again and at any time

APPREHENSIVE

and a following day may see his spirits restored, but all the while the vicious sore upon his tongue is deepening, and as it progresses so does the General's vitality wane. He has full knowledge of this, and that knowledge will at all times be a background against which may appear temporary changes for better or worse to arouse public interest, but such changes can not at any time deceive the sick man, nor obscure the certainty that dissolution is each day nearer. While on the piazza this afternoon Gen. Grant shook hands with Dr. M. Babcock, brother of the late Gen. O. E. Babcock and with a wave of the hand presented him to Drs. Douglas and Sands, to whom the visitor further introduced himself. Dr. Newman and Jesse Grant arrived this afternoon.

JUNE 19.

It was after 10 o'clock this morning when Gen. Grant was aroused for the day. He slept well after the doctor attended him, shortly after midnight, and he dosed through the morning. Dr. Douglas this morning used these words, after having examined his patient: "The General's voice is audible this morning. He seems very well. The swelling outside seems less, and

the irritation inside is slight. To sum up, his condition is very good; better than a week ago. I think the change is going to benefit him."

AT NOON

the General, just after being dressed, walked out on the piazza and joined Dr. Newman and the family, who again sat for a family picture. The entire family is now here at the cottage. The General made his first appearance for the day at noon, when he sat on the veranda for an hour. He then retired to his room, after having been photographed with his family around him. Dr. Douglas says the General is comparatively well to-day.

Late in the afternoon Judge Hilton and son came up from Saratoga, and sat with the General and family upon the piazza more than an hour. Dr. Gray, of the Insane asylum at Utica was also a visitor of the General's during the afternoon. Dr. Gray is an exceedingly stout man, and General Grant wrote upon a card which he handed to his caller this bit of grim humor: "Your shadow has grown no less since I last saw you, but you will notice that mine has." The doctor laughed and the General faintly smiled. The little engine of the Mount McGregor railway pulled up the mountain two cars full of people

FROM SARATOGA.

A number had come up on the morning train and many strolled down the paths by the cottage, and while the General, Judge Hilton and Drs. Gray and Douglas formed a group on the front corner of the piazza, the sightseers formed groups among the trees at a respectful distance. The unavoidable weariness caused by visitors to the General was not wanting to-day, though not effecting him to a marked degree. Miss Drexel, the young mistress of the cottage, came up on an afternoon train and spent the interval until the time of the returning train with the ladies on the piazza, and at times the General lent his presence to the party. The sick man's right ear, the side of the glandular swelling, was to-day filled with cotton to protect the ear, which is sensitive through sympathy with the local difficulty. The General coughed occasionally to-day, though his cough was not unusually troublesome. A four-horse team tugging a huge boiler up the hill to the hotel was intently watched by the sick man from his place on the stoop during the day. All in all, however, the General was not out of doors so much as yesterday.

THIS EVENING

no noticeable variation of the conditions that prevailed on Thursday have been noted.

Gen. Grant spent this evening upon the cottage piazza until nearly 9 o'clock, and when he entered the house he walked into the front room, where he wrote a note for Col. Fred. Grant, calling attention to certain matters he desired attended to in connection with the work on his book. This symptom of reviving interest in this work is regarded by the family to-night with pleasure. About 10 o'clock Dr. Douglas retired. There had been no coughing after the General entered the house. The doctor demonstrated his assurance of a good night by going to bed so early, and the family were equally confident.

Midnight.—The cottage is quiet and dark, except as to the usual light in the General's room.

FROM THIS DATE

the General seemed to slowly improve for a month, with occasional bad days, due to meteorological influences chiefly. His marvelous will power, supplemented by the strengthening influences of the mountain air, gave faint hope that he might yet conquer the dreadful disease that was wasting his vitality. The days intervening between the arrival at Mount McGregor and July 22d, were eventful ones in the history of the great soldier. He was being constantly assured in every possible form of tender expressions of the great love and reverence in which he was held by the nation, and in great solicitude the whole people watched for the daily reports from Drexel cottage. It was during this interim that Gen. Grant said, or rather wrote, and did many things which will go down with time as gems in a life so full of greatness. Among these was his

FAMOUS INTERVIEW

with ex-Confederate Gen. Simon B. Buckner on July 10th. In this Gen. Grant showed how his broad and generous nature responded to the tribute of love and admiration which the nation had given him both North and South. He seemed to yearn for a complete and lasting restoration of fraternal feeling between the North and the South, and wished all to throw over the history of an angry past the mantle of charity and peace, even as he himself had done. His summary of the past and future was admirably expressed to Gen. Buckner as follows:

"We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a natural strength that will screen us against any foreign complications. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know now, as I did not before, the value of our institutions."

DISCUSSING DEATH CALMLY.

When Gen. Grant became convinced of the fatal character of his illness he set about to prepare his worldly affairs in anticipation of the end. He felt, when the arrangements for taking him to Mount McGregor were in progress, that he would not return alive to New York. Shortly before his departure he prepared explicit directions in regard to his effects. This was done quietly, only one

or two of the family knowing of it. His object in not acquainting the others with the occurence was based on the motive that governed him throughout his sickness—a desire to save them pain. He knew to what tension their nerves had been strained by what they saw, and it seemed to be his chief concern to spare them distress beyond that. Yet in the arrangement of his plans a deeper motive than this often appeared. Having reconciled himself to death, he sought to bring those dear to him to a realization of the stern event that was approaching, and to do it in a way that would blunt the shock whenever it might come. It was clear from many things he said and wrote that he would like to discuss with his family the subject of his departure—to discuss it as a journey on which he was to precede them. The prospect was gloomy to him only so far as it was to carry with it distress to his family. Death in itself had no terrors. So far as his feelings were concerned, he looked forward to it rather as a relief. He knew perfectly well that his disease was incurable, and that at best he could only linger and suffer, tortured by constant pain, feeling his strength ebb and his flesh waste. He could control in a measure signs of his suffering, but its physical results were apparent. And knowing and feeling all this, to which others could not be wholly blind, he considered it his duty to prepare them for the end, and to get them to enter into his spirit of submission, as though it were an event to be deplored, perhaps, but not shunned, and, as it was inevitable, to be discussed calmly.

HIS WISHES

in this respect were not met. Whenever he broached that subject it was the occasion either of painful outbursts of grief or of efforts on the part of the family to divert his mind from the subject, to hold out encouragement, to strive to rebuild hope within him. Such repulses, although well meant, had a depressing effect upon him. Instead of allaying his wish to make his plans complete, and to bring the family to the state of composure that he had attained, it stimulated his longing for sympathetic interest in this matter. He did not see, since death was certain, why it should not be talked of, whenever occasion might prompt, as freely as anything else, that might involve arrangements. The family abhorrence of suggestions of that nature curbed, but did not subdue the inclination of his mind. This restraining influence accounts for the secret preparation of his memoranda before he left New York, and had he not believed himself to be dying on the day after his arrival, it is doubtful if the family would have heard of such memoranda. That painful family scene of June 17, consequent upon the memoranda he wrote after the unfortunate walk to the top of the hill, was precipitated because when he went to his room that night it was with the expectation of not leaving it. The next day, having recovered somewhat from the hopeless feeling that had oppressed him the night before, he could not resist the pleadings of

TEARFUL FACES,

And, to prevent further distress, he confessed to regret that he had touched the subject.

Yet the desire to bring it up and to make it something for calm contemplation was not quenched. On June 24, just one week after the

"MEMORANDA FOR MY FAMILY"

episode, and when he seemed to be getting along fairly, he stepped into the office room early in the evening and handed to Col. Grant a slip of paper on which was written substantially this:

"There are three places from which I wish a choice of burial place to be made:

"*West Point.*—I would prefer this above others but for the fact that my wife could not be placed beside me there.

"*Galena, or some place in Illinois.*—Because from *that* State I received my first General's commission.

"*New York.*—Because the people of that city befriended me in my need."

When he had delivered this slip to the Colonel he walked back into the sick room. In a few minutes he reappeared, walking round in front of the Colonel.

"I don't like this, father," the son said, holding out the slip.

"What is there about it you don't like?" asked the General, in his husky whisper.

"I don't like any of it. There is no need of talking of such things."

The General took the slip, folded it, tore it lengthwise, across, and again, until the pieces were so small that hardly a word could have been made out from any of them, and throwing them in the waste basket, went back to his room without speaking.

This was the first time the General indicated any wish in regard to his burial. The family, however, had done something toward it in April, when he was supposed to be dying. At that time, while some of them had not abandoned hope, the matter was discussed as a possibility. It was agreed that if he should die there would be little time, in the confusion sure to prevail, to decide on that matter. Correspondence was accordingly opened with Gen. Sheridan, who thought as did many others, that at the

SOLDIERS' HOME

in Washington would be the best place for burial, because the General saved that city; and arrangements were made to take his body there.

During the few days following the preparation of the burial memoranda by the General.

ALARMING FEATURES

in his malady were manifested. There was not unusal pain or sleeplessness. On the contrary, the comparative absence of pain

was a cause for anxiety. By such absence was meant that the twinges of agony that for months had daily darted through his neck, like needles which not only pricked, but gashed, subsided, leaving simply an aching, gnawing sensation at the base of the disease. It was thought when the sharp pains stopped without checking the diseases, that perhaps susceptibility to pain in extreme form had been lost. But it was not on physical signs alone that alarm was raised. Rather was it because the General seemed then about to resign himself to death. To such a degree did apprehension grow among the gentlemen of the household, including the doctor, that whenever a fit of coughing attacked the General, there was a thrill of dread that it might be his last, and from the way the General acted, rather than from anything he said, it was then thought that he felt as they did.

From the beginning of his visit, indeed, he showed a full appreciation of his condition in all its phases. The alarm with which July was ushered in led to a very slight rally, which was directly traceable to the assertion of his will power. Reports of his condition had been made so distressing to the family that he sought this way of changing them, assuming an activity to which his strength was hardly equal, but to which, happily, for a day or two his physical powers rose responsive to his will. This effort accomplished what it had set out to do, but there were those to whom the General made no secret of what it had cost him. It left him feebler than before, but determined to betray no further anxiety for the sake of his family. The ladies, from his brave manner and his cheery notes, were quite ready to persuade themselves against hope. If they did not believe he could recover—that was almost beyond the belief of any one—they gathered assurance that his life would be prolonged for weeks, and possibly for months. The doctors and the sons were not misled by

BRAVE APPEARANCES,

nor did the General try to mislead them. He knew that he could not discuss with them the subject of death, and so avoided it, but it did not escape him that they saw his growing diffidence, his weariness, his disposition to be left alone, to keep his room, caring less and less for outdoors, for his book, for the things that formerly excited his interest. He knew that they saw him wasting before their eyes, and that they construed all the signs as intelligently as he did. His cheerful notes to the doctor during this failing period raised the spirits of the ladies, and they talked of some relaxation from the strain and confinement of cottage life under such circumstances, but a warning from the doctor that they might regret even short absence put an end to such plans, and they declined many invitations to visit friends at Saratoga. This was the only indication of Mrs. Sartoris and the other young ladies of the family of a distrust in their hope of a prolongation of the General's life. To all appearances they inclined strongly to the steadfast belief of

MRS. GRANT,

that the end was yet far off. She went much further, indeed, clinging to faith in his ultimate recovery. Yet, although her conviction was strong, it took little to overpower her. It was the General's wish, created by the April crisis, to prepare her for the inevitable. The subject was exceedingly difficult of approach with her, because of her particularly emotional temperament. Up to the April crisis she was purposely kept in ignorance of the gravity of the case, partly because the General wished it. She was overcome when the truth was disclosed to her, but, with Christian faith and zeal, on the night when the doctors said he had but five minutes to live, she roused herself, and, laying hands on the General, offered prayers in his behalf. She always believed that he tided that crisis in response to her prayer. Afterward, whenever danger threatened, she applied the same means of relief, persistently crediting recovery from downward turns to supernatural intervention as solicited by her. Her faith in this was boundless. It pained and grieved her to have others suggest that his condition was hopeless. Especially did she give way to her emotion when the General tried to prepare her. The indulgence of grief was naturally frequent. It was due, however, to the amiability of her nature and her ready sympathy rather than to shaken faith, for despite the gloomy faces that at times surrounded her, she was quick to rise equal to her convictions.

An illustration of the tenderness of her feelings and of her quick recovery of faith occurred in the early days of July. One evening, as the General sat in the parlor with the family, the Colonel mentioned having that day received a letter from Webster & Co., the publishers of the memoirs, saying that subscriptions to the book already guaranteed $300,000 to the General. Taking up his pad, the General wrote:

"That will be all for you, Julia," and handed the slip over to Mrs. Grant.

She began to cry, and could not be calmed for some time. That evening she regained

COURAGE IN PRAYER,

and the next morning she talked as hopefully as ever of the General's recovery.

"I have seen the General in trouble before," she often said. "Those about me were despondent over him during the war. The newspapers and my friends did not believe he would take Vicksburg. They were skeptical about what he could do in Virginia. But no one knew him as I did. I was always confident that he would succeed. I am equally sure he will come out of this trouble, for the old faith sustains me."

The General found no one to whom he could open his mind on the subject of death until Senator Chaffee came to spend the

Fourth with him. Senator Chaffee did not repulse him, or seek to divert him from what he saw was uppermost in his mind. They were together a good deal and talked over it freely. The General wrote that early in his disease he hoped for recovery, but that now

NO SPARK OF HOPE

ever brightened his existence, and he wanted the end to come; delay was only irksome to him.

"You feel as I would," Senator Chaffee responded. "You can do nothing, and you suffer always. If you hadn't this disease, but were now well, you could hope to live only a few years longer. You and I are past sixty. Our race is about run. We can live on little more than memories at our age. What difference can a few years make?"

In conversation such as this the two friends passed much of their time together. It was the thing for which the General had been hungering. There was nothing melancholy or dispiriting about it, but it forecast the end soberly, calmly, and as something, by no means dreadful, that was to occur in natural course. The General expressed to his friend a regret that he could not bring his family to that philosophic view of it. Senator Chaffee agreed with him that it was a matter of regret, but advised him not to allude to it with the family, unless he thought it could be done without distressing them.

ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 5,

while this advice was yet fresh in his mind, the General wrote his physician a short note, which clearly anticipated the end, under an appearance of shielding the physician from possible future criticism. He said he believed nature, meaning his surroundings, had done much for him; that medical skill had been supplied in the highest degree, and that now he was content to await patiently the natural result of the disease. This was the first time that the General had intimated to his devoted attendant that he understood the hopelessness of his condition; but it was the first time the doctor, from the General's manner and expression as much as from the note, saw that the General realized that any day might be his last. No one was more mindful than the General of the significance of his growing weakness and diffidence.

The completion of work on his book knocked away from the General a prop that had sustained him through many reverses. His first feeling was of relief. He was glad that it was over. It was especially fortunate, he thought, that this work was disposed of before the meeting with the Mexican editors, on July 8, prostrated him. But when, by careful nursing and constant watching, he rallied from that fatigue in the following week, he became very despondent over his want of occupation. On the morning of July 16, when Dr. Douglas visited him, the General wrote him a note which showed how he missed occupation. The note said he felt that

HIS LIFE WORK WAS DONE,

and there was nothing more to keep him here. He did not want to seem unappreciative of all that was done for him to make him comfortable, but his condition was such that he could only be a burden to others and of no use to himself. For these reasons he wished to go, and he hoped and felt that the end was near.

It was this note that led Drs. Douglas and Shrady to try to find mental occupation for the General, and which resulted in laying out a plan of reading and writing for him. The suggestion seemed to please him, but he could not dispel the conviction that his life work was done and he could be of no more use. He kept a brave front before his family, but the well meant tasks set by the doctors appeared to the General as mere diversion, for which his taste was gone. So complete was the failure of the suggestions at first to appeal earnestly to him that on July 18, as Dr. Shrady was about to go away, having relieved Dr. Douglass for several days, the General wrote him a note saying that it was useless to think of magazine or other article writing, for he was past caring for such things, and did not expect or want to live the month out. The doctor tried to cheer him up, advising him to entertain himself by reading, and that afternoon, at Mrs. Grant's request, an order was sent for "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for the General.

Dr. Shrady relieved Dr. Douglas for four days. He had not seen the General for two weeks. The General in that time had noticeably lost flesh, until he was a pitiable sight, and the doctor then foresaw that exhaustion would be the cause of death, not a visible eruption of the cancer, as had before been considered among the possibilities. Dr. Douglas was of the same opinion. Although always prepared for a relapse or a low turn for the General, he was not apprehensive that the General's vitality was irreparably leaving him until several days after the General's note saying that his life work was done. The indications to Dr. Douglas on July 19 were that death would be preceded by stupor.

NEARING THE END.

Beginning with July 20th, the press dispatches give the most satisfactory and vivid account of the closing events of the great life, and are as follows:

JULY 20.

Last night was a good one for sleep, the thermometer at General Grant's cottage showing a fall of temperature to 68 degrees. The General slept at intervals, and this morning, after taking food, he wrote for Dr. Douglas that his rest during the night had been better than the average.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon Gen. Grant

was wheeled in his chair to a point about 300 yards from the cottage, where there is a sweeping view from Saratoga lake far northward between the Adirondacks and Green mountains. The return was by a very rough route, necessitating the patient's removal from the chair and a climb of some distance on foot. He reached the cottage completely exhausted, but was out on the piazza again in a couple of hours later. He retired at the usual hour and slept well up to midnight.

JULY 21.

The fatigue that followed his ride yesterday afternoon was so great that Gen. Grant slept eight hours of almost natural sleep during the night. After taking food at 11 o'clock he was awake scarcely an hour, and slept continuously and with good effect from midnight until after 4 o'clock this morning. At 5 o'clock he aroused, but he dozed through the forenoon. The pulse this morning was more frequent and somewhat weaker than last night.

7:45 p. m.—Gen. Grant is reported sinking.

9 p. m.—Gen. Grant is sitting in the cottage parlor, his family and physician near and his nurse fanning him.

11 o'clock.—No change at the cottage from the last bulletin.

Though Gen. Grant was

GREATLY EXHAUSTED

by the jolting ride in his bath-chair Monday afternoon, it was believed this morning that the eight hours of natural sleep obtained by him last night had restored a portion of the energy lost by him during his outing. The belief that the General had in a measure recovered from his undue fatigue was supported by a refreshed and somewhat brighter appearance. His pulse had scarcely the volume at 11 o'clock last night, and as the morning wore on, the doctor thought he detected evidence of a feverish condition of the patient, but the forenoon was passing so quietly as to give strength to the belief that the General was resting and further recuperating from the fatigue which had been undertaken at his solicitation by his expressed desire, and after an assurance by himself that his strength was equal to the accomplishment of his purpose, but toward noon there grew in the physician's mind a conviction, at the time expressed, that the dozing quietude of his patient was more that of extreme and growing lassitude than of restful repose. At midnight there was a slight change in the sick man's condition, which was marked by increased weakness and less cognizance of what was going on about him. This change was so slightly marked, however, that no unusual alarm was felt by the family, although it was deemed advisable to report the same to Dr. Douglas, who at the time was at the hotel. Accordingly Mr. Jesse Grant walked up the slope to speak to the doctor, who then came down to the cottage. The General was less quiet, though he desired rest. He informed the physician that he had declined alcoholic stimulants because he believed they served only to heat his system without imparting strength. He expressed himself as feeling that he could endure his condition of weakness only

A SHORT TIME LONGER,

and then requested the physician to administer a hypodermic injection of morphine. Dr. Douglas was not much inclined to grant this request, because he believed the rest produced by artificial means would too rapidly drain the vitality of the patient. Besides this, a lethargic tendency was developing in the case, which also influenced the doctor against giving morphine, and more than this Dr. Dr. Douglas preferred that his patient should take food rather than opiates, and requested the General to do so. The sick man, however, declined, and insisted on the administration of morphine. At length, to satisfy him, Dr. Douglas administered a portion of morphine, which Gen. Grant believed to contain three minims of the drug. As a fact, that quantity was not administered.

11:30 p. m.—Gen. Grant has just told his family that there is no necessity of their sitting up any longer to-night. There seems to have been

A SECOND RALLY.

Liquid was injected into the General's arm. Then the sick man grew more quiet, and seemed to sleep. The physician left the cottage and reported his patient exceedingly weak. The quietude, however, was not protracted. It has since transpired that the General was attacked this forenoon with hiccoughs, and that this disturbing and rapidly weakening significant factor was present in the afternoon, and with added frequency. The sleep which followed the giving of morphine, as stated, was followed by renewed hiccoughing. Attempts were made, as the afternoon was waning, to give the General food. He joined in the endeavor, but the quantity retained was small. When the current of a goblet full of liquid was passing the General's throat, its own weight distended the throat and the food passed down, but when the few mouthsful were being drained from the glass, the weight and fullness of the liquid was not sufficient to distend the parts, and they closed, because the muscular power of the throat was insufficient to keep an open passage. The result was a season of choking and coughing, with the ejection of a portion of the liquid at the close of each attempt to administer food. The condition of the patient may be appreciated when it is known that within perhaps fifteen minutes after the attempt to administer nourishment to him, the General would suddenly look up with a momentary expression of bewilderment, and inquire of his attendant, "When are you going to give me that food ?"

1 a. m.—Dr. Douglas states at this hour that since his rally Gen Grant has received a hypodermic injection of brandy. This has

brightened him. His pulse is now quite regular and showed some firmness. He is now awake and

PERFECTLY CONSCIOUS.

The rally, however, was made without any stimulants. Indeed, the General refused it. An effort is being and will be made to tide over the General until the arrival of U. S. Grant, jr.

The afternoon was sultry and almost breathless, with the thermometer registering as high as 85 deg. There were no reviving elements in the atmosphere, and the sun went down after a day of stifling discomfort, even to the persons in good health. The General remained in his room, and was not dressed during the day. He did not move, except to rise when the pillows, kept constantly beneath him to prevent bed-sores, were beaten up and aired. Several times he walked feebly to the cot in the sick room while his resting place was being thus aired and freshened. So the afternoon wore on, and at 6 o'clock Dr. Douglas came to the hotel to dinner. The Grant family were then dining. Dr. Newman came up the mountain on the train arriving at 6:15 p. m. He joined the General's family at their tables, and Dr. Douglas reported the General's condition. He said the patient was in a

CRITICAL CONDITION

and he would hazard no prediction of the future, not even of the night. Dinner concluded, Dr. Newman and Dr. Douglas returned to the cottage. A light breeze had sprung up with the going down of the sun, and the hope was expressed that the cooling air of the evening might revive the patient. Col. Fred. Grant had been at the cottage but a little while after his return from dinner, when he was said to have expressed the belief that his father would

NOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT.

The family was conscious that a critical season was near, and suspense and illy concealed anxiety prevailed in the cottage. Col. Grant gave orders that all manuscripts and literary effects at the cottage should at once be packed up and made safe, as no more work on the General's memoirs would probably be done there. Twilight was deepening into dusk when hurried movements were observed within the cottage. Servants flitted from room to room. Dr. Douglas was with the patient and the family at alternate intervals, and some event seemed imminent. The nurse was seen to wheel one of the General's large chairs from the sick room to the cottage parlor. Dr. Douglas and Col. Fred Grant soon supported the sick man from his apartment, and settled him in the great chair that the nurse had cushioned with pillows. Mrs. Grant took a place beside her husband and fanned him almost incessantly. Dr. Douglas, when questioned, said the General had been brought into the parlor so that he might benefit by free air, but thought the sick man was coherent. When he spoke in whispers he spoke but little, and

WAS SINKING SURELY.

The dusk had given way to darkness. The General, seeming to take little note of occurrences about him, still sat with his face to the door, while the nurse and Mrs. Grant waved fans before his face. Critical moments were passing. U. S. Grant, jr., was summoned by wire, and all felt the end might at any time occur. General Grant whispered to Dr. Newman shortly before 9 o'clock, and asked him to offer prayer. The clergyman knelt beside the General and offered prayer, while the family and physician stood about with bowed heads. For an hour the patient's pulse was fluttering and weak, but soon after 9 o'clock it steadied and grew a shade firmer. Then he lowered his feet and crossed his knees. Next he raised his hand to his face and rested his cheek against it.

Dr. Douglas was beside him, and as these changes took place, he glanced up significantly into the faces of the family grouped about the chair. Finally, as the hour of 10 o'clock drew near, General Grant looked up and spoke to his daughter Nellie. Then he indicated a purpose to write, and did so. These were instructions for his family. Handing one note to Colonel Fred., the General looked up into his face with his large eyes that had in them a pitiful expression. "I have already attended to that, father," returned the Colonel, as he bent over the General. The General addressed other members of the family. The pulse was growing steadier, and the night had passed beyond 11 o'clock, and a half hour later the sick man demonstrated that he is General to the last. The family were sitting on the piazza or standing near the windows or entrances. The General beckoned Dr. Douglas to his side. "Tell them all to go to bed," he whispered," and then added: "There is no earthly use of their sitting up any longer." Dr. Douglas walked out on the piazza and delivered this message of command. It was obeyed by all except Colonel Grant, who will remain up during the night.

At midnight the cottage was quiet.

JULY 22.

9:00 a. m.—The actual condition of the patient is pronounced unchanged since the last bulletin, except that General Grant is said by Dr. Douglas to be growing weaker. Some food has been taken and retained this morning. The patient is sitting with slightly inclined head, conscious and clear of mind. Dr. Douglas has sent for Dr. Sands. Dr. Douglas anticipates the end during the day or evening. The early morning hours at the Grant cottage were cool and refreshing on the veranda, where the incandescent electric lamps were burning all the night. The thermometer marked at 2:00 o'clock

this morning 72 deg. This was the equable temperature maintained in the sick room while General Grant remained in New York, and to it was this morning added the sweet smell from pine trees that bend over the cottage roof

A GENTLE BREEZE, SWEET AND DELICIOUS,

swept miles and miles down the valley and from the mountains. It stirred the curtains on the window, near which sat the sick man, and it fanned his face more gratefully than could the careful hands that were waiting near. Between 2:00 and 3:00 A. M. the gray tint of another day crept up the horizon beyond the Green mountains, perhaps the last earthly day of the sick man sitting within the cottage parlor. About and around the cottage all was still and quiet, except for the occasional twitter of some belated bird in the birches or pines. Occasionally Henry, the nurse, walked out on the piazza for fresher air and a glimpse of the night. Once, at nearly 3:00 o'clock, Mrs. Grant, attired in a loose gown of white, came out upon the veranda and seated herself in one of the many deserted willow chairs that were scattered in groups about the piazza. Ten minutes she sat motionless, and away to the east the gray tint of another day had grown to a full promise. Her face rested against one hand, and she was evidently wrapped in thought. Suddenly there came a rattling, laboring cough from within. It was the General clearing the affected parts of his throat of mucus. Mrs Grant left the piazza quickly and seated herself by the General's side, slowly fanning the sick man's face. The coughing was not severe, but only incidental. Colonel Fred. Grant entered the room while the nurse was aiding the General, and took a place at the side and behind his father. The morning had passed 3:00 o'clock, and the time had come to administer food. The nurse touched the shoulder of Dr. Douglas, as he lay asleep on a couch in the same room. He arose and administered food, and afterward cleansed the General's throat. As the physician laid aside his appliances

GENERAL GRANT LEANED FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR

and signified a desire that a lamp should be brought. The nurse fetched a lamp and held it at the sick man's shoulder, and at that moment the General turned his face toward the light and upward to bid the nurse bring his pad and pencil. His wish was not at the instant understood, and turning a trifle further the General repeated his wish. The scene at the moment was a picture in shadows. As the flickering candle rays fell across the face of the General it became a grim Rembrandt with strong, rugged lines, broken down by suffering and pain. On his head was the skull cap that at all times lends a startling effect to the sick man's appearance, and beneath it straggled the hair that clung in

SWEAT-MOISTENED LOCKS ABOUT THE EMACIATED NECK.

A crimson scarf had been thrown over the back of the General's chair, but as he leaned forward it drew across his shoulders, one end being gathered under his arm. A dark dressing gown covered the patient's attenuated form, and a handkerchief encircled his neck. The gray on the close-cut beard seemed white, and the lines on the cheeks and forehead were deep, indeed, and when the face was turned upward to speak the eyes seemed graver, too, and abnormally larger. They were clear and steady, showing that the General's reason was clearly at his command, but there was that wistful and yearning expression in them

THAT MAKES WOMEN WEEP AND MEN GROW SYMPATHETIC.

The General's face as he spoke appeared strained and drawn, but its color and fullness were not such as would be expected after such suffering and care. The lips moved heavily and the whisper was husky and low, but the nurse understood, and the pad and pencil were brought. Then, while the red light of the candle fell on his downcast face, he wrote, but only briefly. The slip was handed to Dr. Douglas, who at once turned it over to Colonel Grant, who had arisen and stood beside his mother at the General's side. It was a private family communication, and when finished the sick man resumed his half reclining position with his head slightly inclined forward and his elbows on the sides of the chair, while the fingers on either hand were interlocked, each with the other, beneath his chin. It was 4 o'clock, and

THE PEAKS OF THE MOUNTAINS EASTWARD

were darkly outlined against the reddening dawn. The faint glow crept between the pines and birches through the cottage window and tinged the sick man's cheek with the dawn of what is believed by the doctor to be his last day. At 5 o'clock Dr. Douglas was aroused to send a summons for Dr. Sands. The General moved restlessly, and his eyes for a few moments gazed intently away through the trees. Then he settled down in his chair and dozed.

The message to Dr. Sands was sent only that the responsibility of the case at the close of the night should be shared by the members of the medical staff, and not with the thought that any aid could be rendered by any person at that time or through the opening day. The General was given stimulants, but he grows weaker hour by hour. The morning is clear and the mercury at 11 o'clock registered 80 deg. All visitors are to-day kept from the cottage and a Sabbath day quiet prevails about the spot. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Newman are with the family, and the day is one of quiet waiting. The General sits as he did last night, his eyes closed much of the time, but coherent

and clear whenever he speaks. U. S. Grant, jr., is expected this afternoon. The family circle will then be complete.

12:25 p. m.—The conditions are reported unchanged since 9 o'clock, except the gradually increasing weakness.

1 p. m.—Dr. Douglas has just left the cottage. He says the General sits with his head inclined forward and eyes closed the greater part of the time. The pulse is very weak and fluttering. The patient once during the morning attempted to write, but succeeded only in writing the date, the effort being more than warranted by the little remaining strength. He has spoken at intervals, but his voice was very feeble. During the forenoon food was taken and retained. With the declining day the physician believes the General will also rapidly decline.

2 p. m.—Dr. Douglas has just reported that his patient has taken and retained a cup of milk, and the physician thinks it there has not been a slight rally within the past hour, the General is at least holding his own.

At 2:15 o'clock the members of the family and Dr. Newman were grouped in the darkened room near General Grant. Observing their evidences of feeling, the General said: "I do not want anybody to be depressed on my account."

2:30 p. m.—Dr. Sands and Dr. Shrady have just arrived by a special train, which also brought U. S. Grant, jr., and his wife. The newcomers repaired at once to the cottage, and it is likely that a conference of the medical men will soon be held. No special change has occurred since last dispatch.

A singular occurrence at the cottage has just been related by Dr. Newman, as having occurred in the cottage at 1 o'clock. At 12:55 General Grant asked the time of day. "One o'clock," spoke one of those near the General. Soon afterward the cottage clock chimed twelve strokes, and the General counted them. Then he wrote on the pad that he observed the clock was wrong, and indicated a desire to have it struck to the right hour, which was done, and the incident passed as one more of the remarkable episodes of the General's later sickness. There has been a recurrence of hiccoughs to-day.

4 p. m.—The physicians met at once with Dr. Douglas in consultation. Having left the cottage, it was stated Drs. Shrady and Sands had found General Grant in the critically low condition already stated by Dr. Douglas, and already announced in these dispatches. No one of the staff is willing to make any prediction beyond twenty-four hours, which period it is deemed possible the General may survive, though the probabilities as now indicated, are that a less space of time indicates the limit of the General's life. A change for the worse is anticipated as the day closes. The pulse is now over 100.

The developments of the General's weakness during the afternoon was not particularly noticeable from hour to hour. But between 3 and 6 o'clock there was a clearly if not violently marked increase of weakness. At 3 P. M. it was possible to measure the pulse beats, but at 6 o'clock one of the physicians stated that the

PULSE BEATS COULD NOT BE COUNTED

because they were frequent and so feeble. During the afternoon the blood tide had so quickened that it more rapidly wore the system and exhausted the frail basis, if any existed, upon which might be placed a hope that the General might rally. The point was reached at 6 o'clock, when there was little to be expected from attempts to administer food. Soon after 6 o'clock Harrison came up from the cottage and told Drs. Sands and Shrady that Dr. Douglas desired to see them at the cottage. Thither went the doctors, remaining but a short time, and then coming again to the hotel. It is believed that the condition of the patient was found to have been as stated above, and that while the temperature was nearly, if not quite, normal, the respirations were nearly thirty per minute. The family dined in a private room set apart for their use in order that this critical time they might be secluded from the curious observations of many visitors and guests, with whom the General's condition from hour to hour had been the topic of the day. The closed and silent cottage had all day suggested mutely the enactment of the last scene in Gen. Grant's earthly existence, and upon guests and visitors had settled a sense of nearness of death, and there seemed a hush upon the mountain and with all those upon it.

EXCITED PHYSICIANS.

As the sun went down, a cool breeze, as last night, sprang up, and again the laymen on the mountain endeavored to persuade themselves and others that the cool night would bring renewed strength to the patient, and help him to rally through the night, but such was not the opinions of the doctors, who were prepared to attend the General's death-bed at a moments notice, or to wait through hours and into the night for the end. More than that, they were prepared to find the patient alive in the morning.

At 7 o'clock, however, as the three physicians were at dinner, Harrison came to the hotel and called Dr. Douglas, who went out at once and alone to the cottage. Soon afterward another messenger from the cottage summoned Drs. Shrady and Sands, and they repaired to the cottage, closely followed by Dr. Newman. The exits of the doctors from the hotel were, however, so quietly effected that few knew they had been summoned to the cottage. Arrived there they found the General again evidently sinking. The General seemed restless. "Would you like to lie down, father?" asked Col. Fred. Grant, who noticed his father's restlessness. The General nodded, and at the same moment essayed to rise unassisted, but the effort was too great,

and he sank back into the chair, and the Colonel and nurse aided him to arise, and then supported him to the bed, where he was carefully lowered to a reclining position and partly on his face. Dr. Douglas then rolled the chairs back, and one of the physicians has since remarked that the General has now left his chair for the last time. The belief is that General Grant has at length

LAIN DOWN TO DIE.

The family were all gathered at the side of the sick man, and again Dr. Newman, at about the same hour as last night, and at Mrs. Grant's request, knelt beside the General and prayed. Heads were bowed and silent, and tears were on the cheeks of the men as well as of the women. The doctors stood somewhat apart and the family was near its fast sinking head, and then after an hour death seemed a little less rapidly gaining on the man it has pursued just nine months ago to-day, for it is just nine months to-day that Gen. Grant walked into Dr. Douglas's office to seek his professional aid for cancer that has done what foes and war could not do. Then the doctors and clergymen strolled out upon the piazza and sat near the parlor window, and Jesse Grant joined them at times, but the other members of the family remained in the sick room and watched and waited while the General answered "Yes" and "No" to several questions.

DR. DOUGLAS'S OPINION.

Time passed slowly, indeed, and at length at 8:15 o'clock Dr. Douglas left the cottage.

"How is it, doctor?" was asked him. "He is dying," said the gray-haired physician.

"Will he live an hour," was asked again. "Oh, yes, and possibly more, but he is passing away," was the response, and after a little time at the hotel, Dr. Douglas returned to the cottage.

At 9 o'clock the General's pulse was up to the point of 165 beats to the minute, and was fluttering.

FALLING ASLEEP.

After his rally and about 9 o'clock Gen. Grant sank into a sleep that was described by a witness as the peaceful and beautiful sleep of a child. This condition, however, is not one to command confidence, for his pulse beats are still rapidly fluttering, and the respiration which normally is 14 to the minute, is now 44.

At 10:30 o'clock, however, it was stated by reliable authority that the General was in a slightly better condition than two hours ago, and quieter, but as against any hopeful inference that might be drawn from this fact, is the other fact that from the present condition, which borders upon a lethargic state, the patient may quietly drift into final unconsciousness. During the evening the extremities of the sick may have been cold, and in the visible symptoms are signs that nature puts out when death is chilling the power. The General, as the night passes, seems suffering no pain, though the lines of the face are tensely drawn and furrows of the brow are knitted as he lies upon the cot, beside which the family are constantly watching.

AWAITING THE CRISIS.

At 11 o'clock the General was not asleep. The hands and forearms were colder than two hours before, but the feet were not so much so. The pulse and respiration has not changed. The patient's mind was yet clear and comprehensive of events and utterance about him. Between 10 and 11 o'clock Dr. Shrady had accosted the General, and he answered in a husky voice, and promptly. Stimulants were being used, but sparingly, and there was expressed by medical authority about 11 o'clock a belief that the closing crisis may occur either at 1 or 4 o'clock tonight.

1 a. m.—The General remains in the same quiet condition. His pulse and respiration are unchanged, and there is a feeling that he may tide over the midnight season of weakness and until 4 A. M. Hypodermics of brandy are being used.

At midnight bottles of hot water were placed at the General's feet to induce warmth, and mustard draughts were applied upon the stomach and breast to preserve the flagging circulation. Dr. Sands is resting at the hotel, and Drs. Douglas and Shrady are at the cottage.

2 a. m.—The family is astir at the cottage, though there are no visible indications that point to other conditions than at the time of the last bulletin.

DYING.

3 a. m.—General Grant is in a somnolent condition. The respirations have grown shallow and the General is no longer able to expectorate, because of weakness, which is increasing. There seems little possibility that the patient will survive the night.

THE HERO FINDS REST.

July 23.—Surrounded by all of his family and with no sign of pain, General Grant passed from life at eight minutes after eight o'clock this morning. The end came with so little immediate notice as to be in the nature of a surprise. All night had the family been on watch, part of the time in the parlor, where he lay, rarely venturing further away from him than the porch on which the parlor opens. There seemed no hope that death could be held off through the night. It was expected at 9 o'clock, again at about midnight, and again near 4 o'clock. There was serious failure at 9 o'clock and at midnight, but not at 4 o'clock, and as day came, bringing but slight changes, the hope was that he might last till midday.

The General did not speak even in a whisper after 3 o'clock this morning. Before that it had been little more than an aspiration at any time of the night, and then only answers to inquiries. But when the respi-

ration grew rapid and weak, all his powers that depended upon it failed him. His normal respiration is under 20. It was quick during the evening, 44 at midnight, 50 at 3 o'clock, and 60 at 5 o'clock. Then it became quite faint.

He coughed somewhat after midnight, and was able, with the doctor's aid, to dislodge the mucus and throw it off, but from about 3 o'clock he could neither dislodge it nor expectorate, and it began to clog in his throat and settle back into his lungs.

It was about 4 o'clock when the rattle in the throat began. For an hour or longer, Dr. Shrady, in the hope of easing, rather than of sustaining the General—as he was past that—had been giving hypodermics of brandy with great frequency, and applying hot cloths and mustard to various parts of the body, especially the hands and feet, which were growing very cold.

It was soon evident that the General was too far gone to be aided by stimulants.

Then came the

WAITING FOR DEATH.

The family had all been near the General through the night. It was not kept from them that he was beyond saving. They moved quietly about the sick room and out on the porch.

The General lay on the bed, his face leaden, yet with some warmth left in its hue. His eyes were closed. Power to open them had been restored to him, and it was occasionally invoked when some member of the family, or the doctor, or one of the attendants spoke to him. Then he would open his eyes. He could make no other recognition, but that of the eyes was clear. His lungs and pulse were failing, but there was yet no cloud on the brain.

At about 4 o'clock Dr. Douglas, who had been resting a little at the cottage, joined Dr. Shrady at the sick bed. Dr. Sands, considering himself of no use in the case, had gone quietly to bed at the hotel early in the evening, and was not disturbed.

Dr. Douglas walked to the hill top after he had looked at the General. "He is conscious," the doctor said; "that is, he has not lost his power of recognition. He breathes; his heart lives; his lungs live; his brain lives; and that is about all."

At 5 o'clock, when Dr. Newman left the cottage for a few moments, came word of rapid sinking, of the death rattle, of cold extremities, and of the discoloration of the finger nails. All was failing except the brain, which would be the last to die, the pastor said.

"For an hour past," he went on, "Mrs. Grant has been sitting with the General. When she speaks to him he opens his eyes. She says little, and bears up wonderfully. As he is going, there is a change apparent in everything except his head.

"THE BROAD FOREHEAD

"is as fine and commanding as ever. The head has not been seen to advantage in his sick chair, but now that he is recumbent it stands boldly out in the wreck of body. It has reminded me over and over again tonight of the death mask of Peter the Great."

While Mrs. Grant sat by the General, the other members of the family kept either in other parts of the room or on the porch, almost within whispering call. They did not care to risk annoyance to him by grouping about him before it became necessary.

The rays of the morning sun fell across the cottage porch upon a family waiting only for death.

The members of the family had gone to their rooms about 7 o'clock, on the advice of Dr. Shrady that they seek rest. The General lay perfectly still. He was yet conscious, but not alert. There had been frequent visits. When attendants touched his hands, stroked his forehead or moistened his lips he did not heed them. At times he would open his eyes; the vision was clear, but there was no sign that he more than barely recognized the surroundings. Such had been his condition since 5 o'clock. The family took the doctor's advice and withdrew. The doctor said he would inform them instantly of any change. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Shrady remained at the bedside. They saw that the General was sinking, that he could not last long, yet the limit of his endurance could not be fixed at 7:30 o'clock. They went out on the porch, and Dr. Sands, who had spent the night at the hotel, joined them. The Rev. Dr. Newman was there. Dr. Sands stepped to the bedside. The General's breath came in

QUICK GASPS.

He had no color. The hands lay white, limp and cold on the sheet that covered him. His wasted, feeble body could not bear heavier covering. The throat was exposed. It fluttered with every effort to breathe. There was no more motion of the chest. Dr. Sands returned to the porch, shaking his head. He agreed with his associates that the end could not be far off. None of them would say how soon it might come. Dr. Newman inquired if he ought to go to breakfast; he had staid through the weary watch of two nights. Dr. Shrady advised him to wait. The pastor asked the nurse, Henry, who thought a decline unlikely within an hour. It was then 7:40. Mrs. Sartoris entered the sick-room, and, as she stood at the bedside, the General opened his eyes. She bent over him, and, slipping her hand under his, asked if he recognized her. She thought she felt a slight pressure from the cold fingers. That decided Dr. Newman and Mr. Dawson, the stenographer, to go to breakfast.

They had not been gone more than five minutes when the nurse, Henry, stepped to the parlor door and beckoned to the doctors.

A CHANGE HAD COME.

Dr. Shrady sent for the family. The bed stood in the middle of the room. Dr.

Douglas drew a chair to the head near the General. Mrs. Grant came in and sat on the opposite side. She clasped gently one of the white hands in her own. When the Colonel came in Dr. Douglas gave up his chair to him. The Colonel began to stroke his father's forehead, as was his habit when attending him. Only the Colonel and Mrs. Grant sat. Mrs. Sartoris stood at her mother's shoulder. Dr. Shrady a little behind. Jesse Grant leaned against the low headboard, fanning the General. Ulysses, junior, stood at the foot. Dr. Douglas was behind the Colonel. The wives of the three sons were grouped near the foot. Harrison was in the door way, and the nurse, Henry, near a remote corner. Between them, at a window, stood Dr. Sands. The General's little grandchildren, U. S. Grant, jr., and Nellie, were sleeping the sleep of childhood in the nursery room above stairs.

All eyes were intent on the General.

HIS BREATHING

had become soft, though quick. A shade of pallor crept slowly but perceptibly over his features. His bared throat quivered with the quickened breath. The outer air, gently moving, swayed the curtains at an east window. Into the crevice crept a white ray from the sun. It reached across the room like a rod, and lighted a picture of Lincoln, over the deathbed. The sun did not touch the companion picture, which was of the General. A group of watchers in a shaded room, with only this quivering shaft of pure light, the gaze of all turned on the pillowed occupant of the bed, all knowing that the end had come, and thankful, knowing it, that no sign of pain attended it—this was the simple setting of the scene.

The General made no motion. Only the fluttering throat, white as his sick robe, showed that life remained. The face was one of peace. There was no trace of present suffering. The moments passed in silence. Mrs. Grant still held the General's hand. The Colonel still stroked his brow.

The light on the portrait of Lincoln was slowly sinking. Presently the General opened his eyes and glanced about him,

LOOKING INTO THE FACES OF ALL.

The glance lingered as it met the tender gaze of his companion. A startled, wavering motion at the throat, a few quiet gasps, a sigh, and the appearance of dropping into gentle sleep followed. The eyes of affection were still upon him. He lay without a motion. At that instant the window curtain swayed back in place, shutting out the sunbeam.

"At last," said Dr. Shrady, in a whisper.

"IT IS ALL OVER,"

sighed Dr. Douglas

Mrs. Grant could not believe it until the Colonel, realizing the truth, kneeled at the bedside, clasping his father's hand. Then she buried her face in her handkerchief.

There was not a sound in the room: no sobbing, no unrestrained show of grief. The example set by him who had gone so quietly kept grief in check at that moment. The doctors withdrew. Dr. Newman, who had entered in response to a summons just at the instant of the passing away, looked into the calm face, now beyond suffering, and bowed his head. There was a brief silence; then Dr. Newman led Mrs. Grant to a lounge, and the others of the family sought their rooms.

The General was not fully conscious for several hours before he died. There never seemed an utter lack of consciousness, but the hold upon his mind was slight indeed, at times, all through the night. He began to sink at about 7 o'clock last night, when the doctors forecast the end as almost certain to come during the night. He had been dying, however, for thirty-six hours before that, when decline followed the fatigue of his ride to the Eastern Lookout. Nothing came from the General before death which could be called his dying words. He took no conscious leave of his family. These had been prayers at midnight, when it was supposed he was going. Mrs. Grant then pressed his hand and asked if he knew her. He replied with a look of reassurance. He was near collapse at the time, and Colonel Grant, thinking him possibly in distress, asked him if he suffered. He whispered a feeble

"NO."

That question was asked several times, with the same result. Once, about three o'clock, he seemed in need of something. The nurse bent over him, and heard him say "water." He did not speak after that.

At different times through the night, up to that hour, he made himself understood by some sort of response to questions bearing on his comfort. His last voluntary and irresponsive act of speech which embodied the idea that governed him in all his sufferings, and which will on that account stand probably as his last utterance, dates back to yesterday afternoon, when, noticing the grief that the family could not restrain, he said, whispering in little above a breath, yet quite distinctly:

"I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO FEEL DISTRESSED ON MY ACCOUNT."

He was then past rallying to an effort to hide his weakness, but did not forget his solicitude to spare others pain.

Dr. Shrady was in charge at the cottage nearly all of last night. Dr. Douglas was worn out, and needed rest, which he took at the cottage, so as to be at call at a critical moment. Dr. Sands, assuming that he could be of no use, went early to bed at the hotel and rose of his own accord in the morning, just in time to see the General die.

It was a folding bed that had been put into the cottage for use by the attending doctors, to which the General was moved

early last evening. He wanted to change from the sitting posture, of which he was thoroughly tired. A reclining position was thought dangerous for him of late months, because it brought on a stuffy throat and choking. That was not to be feared last night; the muscles of the throat had relaxed. No spasmodic power was left; pulse and respiration kept even pace in the decline. The pulse had not been less than 100 for thirty-six hours before death, or the respiration less than 30. Both ran up steadily to the end, the pulse touching 120, 140 160 in quick succession, and then mounting so fast that it could not be counted. It was flighty most of the night. Respiration reached 44 at midnight. It was 60 by 4 o'clock, with a quickening tendency to the end. It ceased to move the diaphragm about midnight. It touched the lungs only slightly at daybreak. Air went little below the throat toward the last. The arms and feet became cold early in the evening. Hot appliances were made to them and to various parts of the body, and were frequently renewed. This was not done in the expectation of reviving him, nor was brandy injected for that purpose. Both the injections and the appliances were made for his comfort—to ease him. They would have served also as a help to a rally, if one had temporarily set in. But that was not anticipated. The treatment sought only to comfort him. It was applied whenever pulse or heart or lungs threatened distress—sometimes every few minutes, and again at intervals of an hour or longer.

The General, knowing his disease, foreseeing the result, and apprehending death sooner than did the doctors, had only one wish in regard to it. He wanted to die painlessly. The brandy, the hot appliances and anodynes made the end what he wanted it to be. Otherwise the feverish coursing of the pulse, the panting, shallow breath, and the sense of dissolution, which he might have felt extending upward to the brain, might have made the end anything but a peaceful sinking into sleep. These symptoms, and the treatment for them, make a basis for doubt if the General could have been at any time during the night in clear mind. His posture in bed was most of the time on the right side. The head was bolstered. Toward the end he was turned on his back, dying in that position.

THE END WAS CHARACTERISTIC,

the doctors say, of the disease, as diagnosed by them. It was a case of clear exhaustion, the emaciation having left him, it is said, weighing less than 100 pounds. This morning, when the first shock was over, the doctors recalled to the family the question raised in regard to the diagnosis, and asked the privilege of an autopsy. The family would not hear of it. They were satisfied, they said, with the diagnosis. The matter was dropped at once.

Dr. Douglas said there was nothing peculiar about the death, except the resisting force of remarkable vitality. It was nine months yesterday since Dr. Douglas took charge of the General. The General had not been dead too minutes when the wires were sending it over the country. It was known in New York before some of the guests heard of it at the hotel, where it spread very quickly. Undertaker Holmes was on his way from Saratoga almost as soon as the family had withdrawn to their rooms from the bed side. A special train, which had waited for him all night was at once dispatched for him. A message was sent to Stephen Merritt, at New York, to come on at once to take charge of the funeral services.

Within twenty minutes after the death of General Grant, Karl Gerhardt, a Hartford sculptor, who has been making a study here of the General, was summoned to the cottage, at the suggestion of Dr. Newman, to make a plaster mask of the dead man's face. He was highly successful.

OFFICIAL PROCLAMATIONS.

THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, JULY 23.—The following proclamation was issued by the President this morning:

The President of the United States has received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex-President of the United States, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at Mount McGregor, in the State of New York, to which place he had lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life. In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the President is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader who was in the hour of victory magnanimous; amid disaster, discreet, self-sustained; who in every station, whether as a soldier or as Chief Magistrate, twice called to power by his fellow-countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty, undeterred by doubts, single-minded and straightforward.

The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy.

The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth. The great heart of the nation that followed him when living with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead, tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the loss occasioned by his death. In testimony of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant, it is ordered that the Executive mansion and the several departments at Washington be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days, and that all public business shall on the day of the funeral be suspended; and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be

issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this twenty third day of July, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and the independence of the United States, the one hundreth and tenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.
By the President.

T. F. BAYARD,
Secretary of State.

The President also issued an order directing all the Executive departments of the Government be closed at 1 o'clock this afternoon as a mark of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant.

THE ARMY.

The following telegram from Lieut -Gen. Sheridan, with the appended order of the Adjutant General, indicates the manner in which the army will express its sorrow at Gen. Grant's death:

FORT RENO, I. T., July 23.

To Gen. R. C. Drum, Washington:

My duties here will not permit me to return in time for the funeral of my dearest friend and comrade, General U. S. Grant. Lieutenant Colonel G. W. Davis, of my staff, knows my views in reference to the obsequies. Have them carried out so far as they do not conflict with the directions of the President. I want to be named as one of the pall bearers.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant General.

Adjutant General Drum, by command of Lieutenant General Sheridan, issued the following order:

In compliance with the instructions of the President, on the day of the funeral, at each military post, the troops and cadets will be paraded and the order read to them, after which all labors of the day will cease.

The national flag will be displayed at half-staff.

At dawn of day the guns will be fired, and afterward, at intervals of thirty minutes between the rising and setting of the sun, and at the close of the day a national salute of thirty-eight guns. The officers of the army will wear crape on the left arm and on their swords, and the colors of the Batallion of Engineers of the several regiments and of the United States Corps of Cadets will be put in mourning for the period of six months.

The date and hour of the funeral will be communicated to department commanders by telegraph, and by them to their subordinate commanders.

THE NAVY.

Secretary Whitney has issued an order directing that the ensigns at each naval station and of each vessel of the United States Navy in commission be hoisted at half mast, and that a gun be fired at intervals of every half hour from sunrise to sunset, at each naval station and on board flag ships, and of vessels acting singly on the day of the funeral where this order may be received in time, otherwise, on the day after its receipt. Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps will wear the usual badge of mourning attached to the sword hilt and on the left arm, for the period of 30 days.

With the exception of Secretary Endicott all the members were present at the meeting of the Cabinet. The President informed them of General Grant's death, he having been officially informed of the demise by a telegram from Colonel Fred. Grant. President Cleveland has instructed Adjutant General Drum to go to New York to represent him, and to consult with Mrs. Grant relative to the funeral of the ex-President.

GOVERNOR HILL.

State of New York, Executive Chamber:

Ulysses S. Grant, twice President of the United States, the defender of the Union, the victorious leader of our soldiers, and General on the retired list of the army, is dead. To the last he was the true soldier, strong in spirit, patient in suffering, brave in death. His warfare is ended. After the close of his official life, and following that notable journey around the world, when tributes of esteem from all nations were paid him, he chose his home among the citizens in our State. He died upon our soil, in the county of Saratoga, overlooking scenes made glorious by revolutionary memories. It is fitting that the State which he chose as his home should especially honor his memory. The words of grief and the tokens of sorrow by which we mark his death shall honor, too, the offices which he held, and proclaim that praise which shall be ever accorded to those who serve the Republic. Therefore, it is hereby directed that flags on the public buildings of the State be placed at half-mast until his burial, and on that day, yet to be appointed, all ordinary business in the Executive Chamber and the departments of the State Government will be suspended.

The people of the State are called upon to display, until his funeral, emblems of mourning, and it is requested that at that hour they cease from their business and pay respect to the distinguished dead.

Given under my hand and the privy seal of the State of New York, at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, the twenty-third day of July, eighteen hundred and eighty-five.

DAVID B. HILL,
By the Governor.
WM. G. RICE, *Private Secretary.*

THE NEXT DAY.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 24.—The day has been one of activity here, following the quietude of yesterday. The family of the dead General have obtained needful rest,

and to-day participated in the arrangements for burial with those who came long distances to tender their services. In addition to the arrivals, telegrams continue to roll in from those extending their condolence. and asking that they may be commanded for any service they can render. The contest for the honor of the burial spot has been the source of no little solicitude to the family by General Grant before he died upon those who should decide the place of his burial, is the cause of delay in fixing the place for sepulchre. Mayor Grace's chief clerk, Mr. Turner, is here, and has been in consultation with Colonel Fred. Grant. He has formally, and in person, for Mayor Grace, urged the acceptance of a burial spot in any one of the parks of

THE LAST PRIVATE SERVICE AT MT. MCGREGOR, SUNDAY, AUG. 2D, REV. NEWMAN OFFICIATING.

and friends. The General's friends at Washington were extremely anxious to have

THE INTERMENT

at the Soldiers' Home in that city. West Point, Philadelphia, Springfield and Galena, Ill., were also urged as the locations by friends, but it was soon ascertained that no influence or inducement could be effectually used to that end. The one condition imposed

NEW YORK CITY.

There is a strong feeling in the family of General Grant that the New York proposition is one that would have gratified the General, but the condition, that Mrs. Grant might be buried beside her husband, is one that the Mayor's representatives can not accede to, and telegraphic communication is now going on between here and New York

on that point. The President's messenger, at 11 o'clock, had not arrived, and when he does come and presents the invitation from the Soldier's Home, it is not unlikely that the condition of General Grant, relative to Mrs. Grant being buried beside him, will also then cause some delay, pending a conference with others. The invitation from the city of Springfield, Ill., is not being seriously considered as yet, though, before his death, General Grant, as one of the three States in which he would desire to be buried, indicated that Illinois having given him his first army commission, he would be willing to be buried there, but there were other spots which he designated, and one of them,

WASHINGTON,

is now under consideration. The third point that General Grant indicated was West Point, but he recognized at the time of his suggestion that West Point was a spot where his wife could not rest beside him, and that fact removed any possibility in the General's mind of his being buried there. It was afterward that the General delegated the entire matter of the burial spot and funeral arrangements to Colonel Fred. Grant, who, after a conference with the family on all points, is now carrying forward the voluminous arrangements for his father's funeral. It is now determined that the funeral obsequies will begin at Mt. McGregor.

The family fully recognize the claim of the people and the nation to do honor to the remains of General Grant, but there is a feeling that before all the pomp and pageant of the burial the family should have their dead all by themselves for a season of service. The family would be alone when their funeral service is held, and before the remains go out to the people to mourn over, thus the funeral ceremonies for the family will be held here in the cottage at such time as may seem best. Dr. Newman will be with the family and conduct with them the service over the dead. The President is anxious, and has so expressed himself by message, that there should be a national funeral, and that under the direction and care of the War Department, beginning when the remains are started from the mountain, and ending at the place of sepulchre.

General Gates, Colonel Barber and W. H. Knight, of Brooklyn, called upon Colonel Grant this morning, and stated that

GRAND ARMY POST

No. 327, of Brooklyn, had become the U. S. Grant Post. Upon the death of the General they had assumed his name, and desired to tender a private bodyguard of thirteen men, who should come uniformed and unarmed. It also desired that this detail, on the day of the funeral, should constitute a special bodyguard and guard of honor to the remains. Colonel Grant thanked the gentlemen, and accepted the post detail for the bodyguard, and the men will leave Brooklyn to-night.

There is now little doubt that General Grant's remains will be buried in New York City. All that remains is the assent of the authorities of that city to the dead General's own condition, which was that Mrs. Grant should rest beside him at the last. Telegraphic communication is now being conducted to adjust this matter. Mayor Grace responds to the inquiries that the city tenders to the family a burial spot. This vague message does not seem to consider the condition of Mrs. Grant's burial spot, and the family and Colonel Grant are left in doubt as to the willingness of New York City to accede to the easily understood condition that Mrs. Grant's sepulchre must be in Central Park if the General is buried there, and so the matter hangs, and delay is the result. The family and Colonel Grant have determined upon Central Park if the condition shall be complied with by the city. If New York shall be the spot chosen, and there is little doubt that it will be,

THE PROGRAM

of the funeral arrangements will be as here given: The remains will lie quietly at the cottage in the room where the General died until Tuesday afternoon next, when the funeral cortege will be placed on a special train and conveyed directly and without demonstration to Albany. Reaching there in the evening the remains will be borne to the Capitol building, where they will lie in state until Wednesday noon. Then and thence the dead General will be conveyed by the funeral train to New York, arriving there on Wednesday evening. The body will be then conveyed to the City Hall, where it will remain in State until Saturday, when it will be borne to its last resting place in Central Park. This is all of the program now prepared.

HOW THE WORLD RECEIVED THE NEWS.

The following dispatches strikingly indicate the wonderful hold General Grant had upon the affections of the people. Most of the reports are brief, but the New York account is printed in full as a fair example of the feeling in every city and town of the Union.

SYMPATHETIC MESSAGES.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—President Cleveland sent the following dispatch to Mrs. Grant, at Mount McGregor:

"Accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your greatest affliction. The people of the nation mourns with you, and would reach, if they could, with kindly comfort, the depths of the sorrow which is yours alone, and which only the pity of God can heal."

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Upon receipt of the news of the death of Gen. Grant, the following telegram was sent to Col. Fred. Grant by Gen. S. S. Burdett,

Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic:

"Expressing the profound grief of the Grand Army of the Republic upon the death of the greatest of our comrades, on behalf of its 300,000 members, I tender to your honored mother, and to all the afflicted family their heartfelt sympathy. I pray you have me advised so soon as arrangements for the last sad rites are determined upon."

GENERAL LOGAN.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—*To Col. F. D. Grant:* The painful news to me of your father's death has just been received. The sympathy of myself and family goes out from the depth of our hearts to your mother and all of you in your great bereavement. The country is filled with sympathy and grief at this news, but the greatness of its loss must grow upon it as the future unfolds the coming years. JOHN A. LOGAN.

FROM OHIO.

COLUMBUS, O., JULY 23.—The chairman of the citizen's meeting to-night was requested to convey to Mrs. Grant the expression of sympathy felt by the citizens of Columbus. The following was telegraphed:

"The City Council and the city of Columbus, Ohio, and the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, in this city assembled in public meeting, direct me to convey to you and your family an expression of their profound sympathy in your bereavement and their deep sense of the loss sustained by the country in the death of Gen. Grant.

"A. G. THURMAN,
Chairman."

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

FREMONT, O., July 23.—Please assure Mrs. Grant and the sorrowing family that they have the deepest sympathy of Mrs. Hayes and myself. R. B. HAYES.

FROM OTHER SOURCES.

AUGUSTA, ME., July 23.—Mrs. U. S. Grant: Please accept my profoundest sympathy in your great bereavement. The entire Nation mourns the loss of its first soldier and its first citizen.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 23.—*Mrs. Gen. Grant:* I have heard with great sorrow of Gen. Grant's death. I offer full measure of sympathy. SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

BERWYN, Pa.

FORT RENO, I. T., July 23.—*Col. F. D. Grant:* Will you please express to Mrs. Grant my grief at the loss of my dearest friend and comrade, and my sincere sympathy and condolence with her in this hour of her great distress.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieutenant General.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, sent this message from Harrisburg:

MADAM: The people of Pennsylvania deeply sympathize with you and your family in a bereavement which produces profound sorrow throughout the nation. They deplore the death of the great American soldier who has fallen before that universal enemy whose sword is never sheathed and to whom the bravest and best must surrender. I am, madam, with great respect,

ROBERT E. PATTISON,
Governor.

Mayor Grace sent the following telegram by direction of the Board of Alderman of New York:

"In advance of official action I am instructed to tender to yourself and family the deep sympathy of the Common Council of the municipal authorities of the city of New York in your bereavement. I am also authorized by informal action of the authorities, which will be made official to-morrow, to tender to you a last resting place for the remains of Gen. Grant in any one of the parks of this city which you may select. I am also authorized to offer the Governor's room at the City Hall for the purpose of allowing the body to lie in state."

Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia, sent a telegram to Mrs. Grant this morning, in which he says: "As the son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, I send my most profound sympathy. The whole South mourns the nation's loss."

Gen. Shelly, of Alabama, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, formerly of the Confederate army, also sent his condolences, expressing the belief that all the Confederates will mourn the death of America's greatest soldier and statesman.

William M. Evarts: "I shall wish to attend the funeral. Please telegraph when time is fixed."

Alonzo B. Cornell: "Col. F. Grant: Please present your mother with the assurance of our sincere sympathy. Can I serve you in any manner? Please command me without hesitation."

ALBANY, July 23.—By proclamation this morning issued I have officially spoken the deep sorrow which the people of this State feel in Gen. Grant's death. I add my own condolence and sympathy to all his family in the hour of their great distress.

DAVID B. HILL.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—*To Col. Fred. D. Grant, Mt. McGregor:* The excursionists of the Associated Press of Mexico send to the family of the illustrious Gen. Grant their profound sympathy, and through you to the whole of America. His family has lost its worthy head, the republic of the United States one of its most renowned heroes, and Mexico one of its best friends.

A. ARROYO DE ANDAR, *Secretary.* I. PAZ, *President.*

The excursionists also sent the following telegram to President Diaz:

WASHINGTON, July 23.—*To Gen. Perfiro*

Diaz, City of Mexico: The excursionists of the Associated Press of Mexico send to you, and through you to the Mexican republic, their profound sympathy for the death of the illustrious American hero, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, in whom Mexico has lost one of her best friends.

A. ARROYO DE ANDAR, *Secretary.* I. PAZ, *President.*

BRITANNIA WEEPING WITH AMERICA.

LONDON, July 23.—The news of the death of General Grant has created a profound impression in this city. The flags at the American Exchange and at Consulate were placed at half-mast the moment the news reached the city. Large portraits of the dead hero, draped in mourning, were placed over the balconies and doors of both buildings. The whole front of the American Exchange was also heavily draped.

United States Minister Phelps, on being handed a copy of the dispatch announcing Gen. Grant's death, expressed the greatest concern at the sad event. He instantly ordered the building of the American Legation to be draped in mourning and the flag placed at half-mast. Your correspondent visited Mr. Gladstone's residence and was received by Mrs. Gladstone. On making known his errand, Mrs. Gladstone expressed deep sorrow at the death of the eminent American, and immediately conducted him to Mr. Gladstone's presence. The great man was writing at a desk in his library. Mr. Gladstone said:

"I will willingly pay my humble tribute; let me write rather than speak it." He then wrote as follows:

"Mr. Gladstone has heard with regret the sad news of General Grant's death. He ventures to assure the bereaved family of the sympathy he feels for them in their affliction at the loss of one who has rendered his country such signal services as a general and as a statesman."

Many prominent Americans have called a meeting, to be held to-morrow at the American Legation, for the purpose of taking appropriate action on the death of Gen. Grant, and to condole with his family.

Mr. John Bright, in an interview at the Reform Club this afternoon, said: "I desire to express my sympathy with the family of Gen. Grant in the sorrow through which they are passing."

The newspapers contain long obituary notices of Gen. Grant, many of them taking up most of their available space in accounts of scenes and incidents in the life of the illustrious patriot.

At a dinner given by Mrs. Mackey to Mr. Phelps and wife, Lady Churchill and numerous aristocratic residents of London, last evening, the deepest sympathy was expressed for the family of Gen. Grant.

Mr. Henry Irving was seen in the greenroom of the Lyceum Theatre this evening. He said he was deeply grieved to hear of the death of Gen. Grant. He hoped he would not be deemed presumptious in expressing his condolence, but he had met the General under pleasant circumstances which he could never forget, and he had greatly admired his noble courage during his illness. Mr. Irving then wrote: "Henry Irving's deepest sympathy with the family of Gen. Grant at the loss of so noble a man, so illustrious a general, and such a beloved father."

Mr. Cyrus W. Field is ill in consequence of overwork, and his doctor has advised him to take a complete rest. He expressed himself as deeply grieved by the news of Gen. Grant's death.

THE LONDON PRESS.

LONDON, July 24.—The *Daily Telegraph* devotes two columns to a review of Gen. Grant's military career, and editorily says he was the greatest leader whom the United States has produced.

The *Daily News* says: "There have been few braver men than Grant. England will sincerely regret his death. It is as a soldier that he will be remembered. His name will ever be associated with the great and righteous struggle of which Lincoln was the brain and heart, and Grant the arm and weapon."

The *Times* this morning, in an editorial, says: "With all his faults, Gen. Grant loomed larger in the people's eye than any of his rivals or contemporaries. If his nature was of metal of far more mixed alloy than that of the founder of the Republic, as even his warmest admirers must admit, it may be fairly pleaded that he was in this only the creature of his time. If his faults were those of his age and country the military qualities on which the fortunes of his country at the critical moment depended, were his own."

TELEGRAMS TO THE FAMILY.

LONDON, July 24.

To Mrs. U. S. Grant: Accept our deepest sympathy in the loss of your distinguished husband. We shall always look back with gratification at having had the advantage of knowing him personally.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

MONTREAL, July 24.

To Mrs. Grant: I am greatly grieved to get the sad news of the General's death. Pray accept my most sincere sympathy.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, July 24.

Mrs. Sartoris: Accept our sincere condolence. S WEST.

WARRENSBURG, MO., July 27.

Mrs. General Grant: In behalf of 150,000 members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen in the United States and Canada, I tender the heartfelt sympathy of the brotherhood. JOHN A. BROOKS, *Supreme Master Workman.*

PORTLAND, ME., July 27.

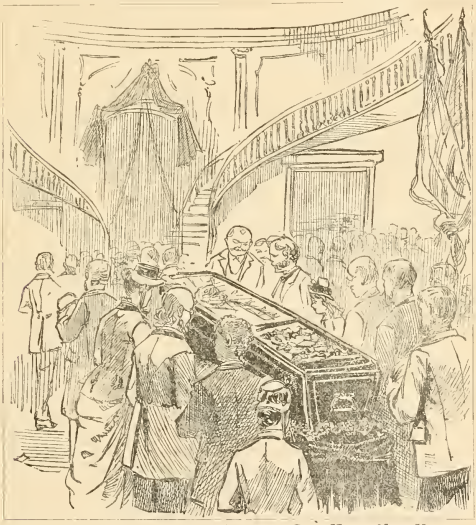
Mrs. U. S. Grant: With deepest sympathy I offer my services for the funeral ceremonies. If desired please reply immediately. EMMA THURSBY.

NEW YORK, July 27.

Colonel F. D. Grant: I suggest that the pall-bearers for your distinguished father be none else than the President of the United States and his cabinet. No greater honor, nor one more appropriate, could be conferred. E. A. PARSONS, Virginia.

KIND MESSAGES FROM MANY FRIENDS.

Formal messages of condolence have also been received from the following persons: Governor Abbott, of New Jersey; Gen. H. A. Barnum, Governor J. H. Pierce, of Dakota; Carter Harrison, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley, George Jones, of the New York *Times;* Tibbit's Veteran Corps, of Troy, N. Y.; Post 63, G. A. R., of Albany, offering escort or services; Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago; Hamilton Fish, ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James,



GEN. GRANT'S BODY LYING IN STATE IN CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.

Colonel F. D. Grant: The Society of Old Friends, of which your father was an honorary member, extend to you and the family sincere and heartfelt condolence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27.

Colonel F. D. Grant: The members of the first Blaine Club in the United States, at Philadelphia, tender their sympathy to the family of Ulysses S. Grant, the incorruptible President and soldier, savior of the Republic. THEO. A. GRAHAM,
President.

George H. and Nellie Sharp, Senor Romero, Hon. Joseph B. Carr, Chinese Minister Cheng Tso Ju; W. Q. Gresham, Japanese Consul S. K. Takashashi, J. R. Hinelander Dillon; John Russell Young, from San Francisco; James Speed, Louisville; Mrs. G. W. Childs, Rear Admiral T. H. Stevens, C. C. Waite, Cornelius Van Cott, Mayor C. E. Burr, of Lincoln, Neb.; Hon. William Henry Smith, S. S. Clements, Hon. T. C. Platt and wife, Henry Clews, Alexander Taylor, Jr., New York; S. M. Cullom, Springfield, Ill.; J. W. Dent, San Francisco;

David B. Sickles, Rabbi Brown, New York; Andrew Carnegie, London; David Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; S B. Elkins, Deer Park, Md.; George M. Robeson, Northampton, N. H.; Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Hon. R. Kuhl, Japanese Minister at Washington; Potter Palmer, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. James H Tyner, of Washington; George W. Childs, of Philadelphia; C. Endicott, Secretary of War; John A. J. Creswell, and Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.

WASHINGTON.

July 23.—All Washington is in mourning. Shortly after 8 o'clock this morning the President was informed of the death of Gen. Grant. He immediately directed that the flag on the White House should be placed at half-mast. The lowering of the flag was the first intimation that the citizens of Washington had of the death of the distinguished man, although they had been anticipating it throughout the night. A few minutes after the White House flag was placed at half-mast, the flags on all the public buildings, and on many private ones, were placed in like position. The bells of the city were tolled, and citizens who heard them readily recognized their meaning. Business men immediately began draping their houses with mourning, and residences in a similar manner showed esteem for the deceased. At no place is the death of Gen. Grant felt more keenly, and nowhere save in his immediate family is there such profound grief as at the National Capital. Here all claimed proudly his personal friendship. This they called his home, and as soon as his death was announced this morning crape was hung over all doorways. Sadly and silently did citizens put on their homes and business houses great streamers of black, emblematic of true mourning. Their hands trembled, and their hearts went toward their mouths. "General Grant is dead," exclaimed everyone, in low and sad tones, and it was heralded throughout the city instantly. Never before did people of all nationalities and party beliefs show such affection for the soldier-statesman. A majority of Washington's white population, made up from Maryland and Virginia stock largely, sympathized with the Confederacy and opposed the old hero during the Rebellion, but they mourn to-night as one undivided family. There is a belief, born, no doubt, of desire, that the remains of Gen. Grant will be brought here for burial. An effort has been making in that direction for some time.

This afternoon Gen. Burdette, commanding the Grand Army of the Republic, went to New York to co-operate with others in a move to provide for the burial here. This, he thinks, as do Gen. Beall and other prominent citizens, is the proper place for every reason to have the ashes of Gen. Grant rest. Generals Beall and Burdette will also lead, it is thought, in receiving a monument fund. Gen. Logan, who has clung to Gen. Grant like a brother, and who has considered him almost like blood and the same flesh, so closely together and so sympathetic have their heart-beats been for many years, was almost overcome with grief when finally the sad announcement came. "I can not conceive," said Mrs. Logan to a STATE JOURNAL correspondent, this afternoon, "a death outside our own family that would have caused such deep grief to Gen. Logan. He is almost crushed, and wept like a child when he first heard of the death." Gen. Logan has gone to New York and will personally deliver his sympathies to Mrs. Grant and her children. It is said Gen. Logan proposes to try to have all members of the Army of the Potomac, if possible, attend the obsequies of their dead commander, and give their final parade.

Many distinguished ex-Confederate officers now here have telegraphed sympathetic messages to Mrs. Grant and family. Among them was Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia. He asked that the son of Gen. Robert E. Lee be permitted to mingle his tears with hers over the loss of the one for whom the world would weep.

THE WHITE HOUSE

has been handsomely draped, the emblems of mourning being equal to those on the building at the time of the death of President Garfield. They are over and around the windows and door facing north, and the great pillars of the portico at the north entrance are also covered with black.

Sadness settled over the departments today. The news of Gen Grant's death became known to nearly all clerks before they reached the scene of their duties. The flags were all placed at half-mast and orders issued for the buildings to be draped in deep mourning. There was a disposition to close the departments at once, and the pension office closed without waiting for the executive order. The opinion was expressed on every hand that the nation never suffered such an affliction since the death of Washington, and no precedent could be found to guide them in their action. Many old officials were personal friends of the General, and all loved and honored him. Nearly all the clerks and officials who have been in the service any length of time have some pleasant recollections of the war hero and President, and his pleasant face and figure was familiar to them all. His simple, kindly manners were discussed in every room and by the clerks meeting in the corridors, and genuine grief at his loss was manifested on every hand. Some of the clerks who had had occasion to see President Grant at the White House, told how simple and kind he was in his manner of receiving them, how he would put them at their ease, giving them a chair with his own hand, handing them a cigar or a glass of wine, and how, if he hap-

pened to be going out just as they were, he would walk with them as far as their course lay in the same direction, smoking and talking pleasantly.

NEW YORK.

July 24.—New York knew that Gen Grant was dead yesterday morning at half-past eight Extra *Evening Telegrams* multitudinously stormed the streets, but, as though some intuition had anticipated even those swift messengers of intelligence, as with a common impulse, flags flew half mast and gracefully drooped from every public building, from office and from store, until the streets seemed again, as they so often have, like one vast flag.

From the early hour until midnight, through the long stretches of torridity, the hours moved listlessly along, and a crystallization of the common thought and feeling of the people would seem to be relief—relief that at last the hero of many hard fought battles was at rest—that at last the pinching fingers of inexorable disease had released their grasp, and that the stifling and the groaning and the anxiety and the pain of nine long months were ended; relief to know that the anxious wife and mother, whose sleepless nights had run into anxious days, succeeded in turn by hours and weeks and months of apprehension, was at last able to look upon the placid features of her beloved, and know that he was at rest.

The announcement, nine months ago, that Gen. Grant had fallen, shot by an assassin's bullet, would have stirred the nation from core to circumference, and excitement utterly unprecedented—unknown to modern life—would have taken possession of the city and dominated the situation. During this greater part of a busy and active year the nation has sat by the bedside of the sufferer; has watched him during the sleepless hours of the night, when pain and anguish made him sigh for the final outcome; has followed with great interest the efforts of his doctors and the service of his friends; has hobbled with him on his crutch to the window, that he might reciprocate the courteous recognition of his comrades; has labored with him over the pages of his memoirs, and has read with unaffected interest the affectionate messages written on the historic pad to his family and his friends; has attended him in that long and tedious trip to the mountains, where he sought a possible relief, and in the long weeks has sunk from hopefulness to hopelessness, and at last has attended him to the very verge and confine of life's fitful fever. Therefore the end was not only not unexpected, but was anticipated, so that its effect was largely discounted.

A UNIVERSAL STOPPAGE.

It will be remembered that when the announcement of Lincoln's assassination struck the heart of this city with a tremendous blow, all pulsation ceased, the wheels of commerce stopped, trade was at a standstill, and with agony expressed upon every feature the people rushed into the street; stranger spoke to stranger in the cars, a common bond united every man to his fellow; horror seemed to shadow the metropolis; all barriers of acquaintanceship, of friendliness, all formalities, every known obligation due to social usage was put aside, and the people, as with one common impulse, sprang into each other's arms while occupation ceased. When Garfield was assassinated, doubt and uncertainty came with the news; and although horror and disgust and apprehension were apparent on every hand there was no cessation of work, no factory closed its doors, no exchange adjourned for the day. Hope told a flattering tale, and for weeks and for months, while the illustrious sufferer lay and dozed upon the couch of pain, attended by unfeigned sympathy and affectionate interest, everything went on in its accustomed channel as in the olden time. This might have been anticipated in the present instance. There was no surprise of any sort for those who have been looking nearly a year for the tidings of Gen. Grant's death. There was no startling sensation to be sprung upon an unprepared people by ambitious panderers or by dealers in highly spiced intelligence. Quietly, gravely, solemnly, decorously as one's own family circle might set in an adjoining room waiting for the death throes, whose painful conclusion the doctor alone would care to see, has the nation in general, and this New York home circle of Gen. Grant in particular, waited for dissolution so certain—as certain as fate itself.

At last it came!

It came not with the force and vigor of a thunderbolt, not with a quick flash of incisive lightning, not with the blast and fury of a tornado, but in the calm announcement that the Christian hero, the successful General, the two-term President, the world's guest, the nation's favorite son, had finally succumbed, and in the noiseless seclusion of his bed-chamber, surrounded by his wife and children, had, with intelligence, yielded up his spirit to its Maker in calm confidence that a past so pregnant with good, so fraught with blessing, was a harbinger indeed of a happy future, a second term beyond the skies, directed, fashioned and guided by the omnipotent hand of the Creator Himself.

HOW THE METROPOLIS FELT.

New York is an emotional city.

That seems strange, for New York is the metronolis of the nation, the leading city of the Western Continent, the home of merchants, a hive of industry, filled with banks and financial institutions run by the Gradgrinds of earth, with factories dotting its entire length, with vast stores and warehouses, with interests material, commanding the best talents, and marshalling a vast array of labor in the hands of capital.

Nevertheless New York is a city of emotions. Witness no further back than the day of the departure of the Seventh Regiment for the city of Washington, the capital of the nation; witness again its return; witness again the tremendous ovation and reception given Gen. Grant when, as hero of five important battles, he became the guest of New York city; witness the long procession of men and women and children that toiled up the marble steps of the City Hall, that they might look at the dead features of the martyred Lincoln, and then pass on the other side, down and out into the sunshine; witness that great pageant that followed and attended with affectionate reverence the funeral of Peter Cooper, the benefactor of his day and generation; witness now the out-turn of yesterday. From Battery Point to Harlem river, along the broad stretch of the chief highway, and laterally on either side from river to river, spanning this city of magnificence, of wealth, and of endeavor, waved in solemn pageantry the half-masted flags, while house after house was draped with mourning emblems, and every public edifice gave ample illustration of that aphorism that the rulers are but the indices and exponents of the popular will; for, knowing that the popular feeling was deep-seated and tender-hearted, the public officials quickly sprang to their windows, which they draped in black, quickly ran to the halyards and hoisted half-way up the municipal bunting, quickly closed the doors, thereby giving emphatic utterance to the popular grief which mantled every heart and touched closely every sympathetic chord.

New York is an island.

What of that?

Much. On the right flows the salt water of the East River; on the left glistens the beautiful current of the lordly Hudson; at its foot rush the waves of the most magnificent harbor known to the commerce of the world, leading in turn to the tumultuous heavings of the vast ocean itself; while far up at the other end, like a silvery thread from river to river, stretches the Harlem stream. This vast expanse of water front was absolutely bright with parti-colored bunting. The flags of the United States and its several departments, the flags of England, France, Germany and Spain, flags known to the China Sea and the ocean of Japan, flags familiar along the Pacific, and often seen in the Carribean seas; flags recognized in the Indies and respected in the Sandwich Islands; flags that waved over steamers, over clippers, over merchant-men, over every style of craft known to ancient mariners and to modern mechanism, drooped from their high estate, and, in their inanimate but forceful way, expressed a grief which belts the earth, a sympathy which will be found, recognized and emphasized in every court of every nation known to the civilized and the heathen nations of the earth.

THE BELLS IN ALL THE CHURCHES.

And music, too, fell early into line.

But music is for pleasure.

Not always. The music made by bells in church towers sometimes rings for weddings, sometimes for solemn services, sometimes with dirge effect in memory of the lost but not forgotten. In every steeple where chimes were placed, high up in church towers, where no one but the sexton or the mechanic ever goes, from a hundred belfries on Manhattan Island rang out the clear, sad sound that told to all that listened with intelligent thought that the hero was dead, that Grant was gone. From Trinity to St. Paul's, from St. John's to St. Augustine's, away up town as far as Trinity Chapel, famed for the sweet tones of its bells, came the solemn tolling—one of the most, if not the most, touching of the indications of the day.

The exchanges should close, the courts should adjourn, that references should remain unheard, that meetings should have been passed by was to have been expected, and the expectation was realized, while everybody said, "What next?" "What now?" The Mayor in his official chair sent words of sympathy to the bereaved widow and family. Eminent citizens of New York who felt warranted by their acquaintance of their position followed the example set by the President of the nation, and expressed along the quick electric wire their sympathetic feeling. Soldiers stood straighter as the thought that ere many days had passed they would be called upon to escort all that remains of their old commander. Practical men turned back to the page of memory to inform themselves as to the financial status of those who were near and dear to the man now gone. The message of the President, the message of the Governor and the message of the Mayor were placed upon the *Herald* bulletin and read with interest. Leading merchants and financiers of position consulted as to what the nation's honor demanded in the crisis. All the municipal boards of the metropolis passed resolutions of regret and sympathy. The *Telegram* extras early and late sold like the traditional hot cake, and the *Herald* bulletin was surrounded from early morning until the shades of evening rendered further perusal of its contents impracticable. These bulletins gave full information as to the general facts of the case, and it was interesting to note with what emphasis the crowd's recognition of one point was met.

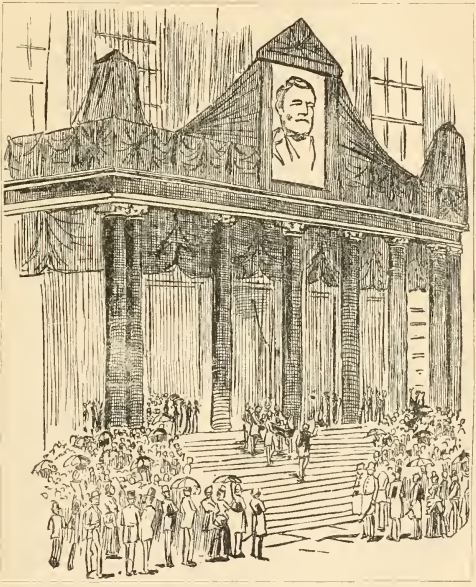
THE PEACEFUL END.

In the bulletin, as told by Dr. Shrady, occurred this sentence: "The fear of a painful and and agonizing death was, happily for him, not realized. He simply passed away by a gradual and easy cessation of the heart's action. For so much, at least, there is reason for thankfulness." To tell in cold type that men's eyes moistened as they read that sentence may seem trite, but all facts are trite, and as that word passed from one

to another, tears did start from unaccustomed places, and there was many interchange of congratulation that the man who had done so much for others was not compelled in the last to suffer unbearably himself. Every detail that could be made known was seized with avidity by everybody. The story of the night was read with bated breath. All messages from every source whatever found quick echo in the hearts and breasts of those naturally loomed up with a greater degree of importance, but all seemed to be contented to know that, as the end had to come, it had finally come with so little distress, with so little pain, with so little personal discomfort, with so little to be regretted.

SPREADING THE NEWS.

The usual stream of people that had come over the bridge was crossing City Hall



ENTRANCE TO CITY HALL AND DEPARTURE OF CASKET.

who read them. A discussion as to where Grant's body shall be laid was very general. It was known that the Mayor had offered, with or without authority, a last resting place any one of the parks of the city that Mrs. Grant might select. It was understood that West Point would claim him, and it was thought that Mt. Pleasant, O., his native place, would think it had a prior claim, while the Congressional burial ground in Washington Park shortly after eight o'clock. Merchants, clerks and shop-girls were in the moving throng. Many of them were conversing about the news from Mount McGregor. The newspapers that they carried had told them that Gen. Grant could not live much longer. And yet the old soldier had been at death's door so many times and had rallied, that many hoped that his last bad turn would pass over and he would still be spared.

But of a sudden the moving multitude came to a halt. Far down Park row shrill voices were crying "Extra!" Strangers looked at each other and said, "That means that the end has come; the General has passed away." The shrill cries came nearer, and soon a crowd of excited, red faced, barefooted newsboys burst into the throng that had halted there. Piles of damp *Telegrams*, fresh from the presses, were slung over the shoulders of the panting boys.

"Extra! Death of Gen. Grant!" they cried. Within a minute their papers were gone, and the throng moved slowly and sorrowfully on, scanning the lines that, between the great black rules, told the mournful story. Succeeding crowds met other newsboys, with fresh supplies of papers, and relieved them of their bundles. Soon the State and municipal flags went up half way on the poles on top of the City Hall. No wind stirred them, and they hung drooping there. The Stars and Stripes at half mast followed, and told the story to the people who came from Brooklyn before they got within hearing of the newsboys' cries.

A MESSAGE TO THE MAYOR.

It was shortly after nine o'clock when Mayor Grace reached his office. A telegraph despatch lay upon his desk. Tearing it open he read:

MT. MCGREGOR, July 23, 1885.

William R. Grace, Mayor, New York:

Father died this morning at eight o'clock.

FRED D. GRANT.

What was there that the city of New York could officially do to manifest its sorrow and show the esteem in which it held the dead hero? thought the Mayor. While he was considering the matter Park Commissioner Beekman came in. He had called to suggest to the Mayor that the city could in no better way honor the memory of Gen. Grant than by offering to his family a plot in any one of the city parks in which to inter the remains. The Mayor was greatly pleased with the suggestion, and at once called for a number of policemen, whom he despatched after the members of the Board of Aldermen, asking them to meet in the Common Council chamber at one o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour there were present President Sanger and Aldermen Finck, McQuade, Quinn, Van Rensselaer, Walsh, Hall, Kenny, Masterson, Mulry, Cowie and Oakley. Gen. Shaler was also present.

"I have asked you to come together informally," said Mayor Grace, in calling the meeting to order, "to suggest to you the propriety of offering Gen. Grant's family a burial plot in one of the city parks. I understand that he expressed a wish to be buried in this city, where he had cemented the strongest friendships of his life. Recently he wrote on his pad, 'Galena—Washington—New York,' and he expressed great regard for New York on account of the many friends he had made in it. He was the greatest man of his day. We may never again have his equal. It is eminently fitting that he be buried in one of our parks, and that over his grave a national monument be erected. Riverside Park, still uncompleted, might be selected. The Park Commissioners, who under the charter control the parks, regard the suggestion very favorably."

A PARK FOR HIS RESTING-PLACE.

President Sanger expressed regret that, owing to the short notice, a number of the Aldermen had been unable to attend the meeting, but he was confident that whatever was then done would receive the hearty indorsement of all those who were absent. He then moved that the municipal authorities tender their sympathy to Mrs. Grant and her family in their bereavement, and offer to them a burial plot in whichever of the parks they should select. Upon the adoption of this Mayor Grace offered the following communication, for approval:

NEW YORK, July 23, 1885.

Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mt. McGregor, N. Y.:

In advance of official action, I am instructed to tender to yourself and family the deep sympathy of the Common Council and the municipal authorities of the city of New York in your sad bereavement. I am also authorized by informal action of the authorities, which will be made official to-morrow, to tender to you a last resting-place for the remains of Gen. Grant in any of the parks of the city which you may select. I am also authorized to offer the Governor's Room of the City Hall for the purpose of allowing the body to lie in state. W. R. GRACE,

Mayor.

POST-OFFICE.

It was the busiest hour at the Post-office. Everything was going with a rush. Merchants on their way down town were hurrying in to get the mail matter that the bustling clerks within were throwing into the boxes. The banging of hundreds of little brass doors filled the place. Clerks and messenger boys were lugging big satchels and bags of letters and papers out with them. The busy scene underwent an instantaneous transformation when a newsboy came tearing into the place and shouted his Extra *Telegram*. Nobody bothered longer about mail matter. Bunches of keys were left dangling in open box doors till a paper was procured and the news read. There was less bustle and noise about the crowds that came later. Men took out their mail in an absent-minded way, and the messenger boys forgot to whistle.

Custodian Cowley put the flag at half-staff on the dome, and consulted with Postmaster Pearson as to the draping of the great building. A despatch asking instructions was forwarded to the Treasury Department, and a response received directing that estimates be solicited. Men were at once sent out on this work. The Custodian, recalling the difficulty experienced in getting

material for the draping when Garfield died, feared that, unless prompt action was taken, the big building would be left without the trappings of sorrow.

ACTION OF THE COURTS.

None of the federal courts were in session, so that no judicial action was taken to honor the dead General.

Only three judges were to sit in the Court House. These were Judge Donohue, in Supreme Court, Chambers; Judge Ingraham, in Superior Court, Chambers, and Judge Van Hoesen, in Common Pleas, Chambers. There was but little done, only motions being heard. The corridors were without their customary throng, and a footfall woke echoes in the empty court rooms. When it seemed that there were no more motions to be made, Judge Ingraham announced that, out of respect for the memory of Gen. Grant, the court would be closed for the day.

THE EMBLEMS OF SORROW.

Not since Garfield died have the downtown streets borne so many signs of general mourning. Within an hour after the old hero had breathed his last, every prominent building in Broadway and the cross streets, from the City Hall to the Battery, bore its flag at half-mast. In the sultry air the colors waved languidly and slowly, and one could fancy that they, too, mourned for the great soldier, and heard the solemn tolling of old Trinity's great bell as it rang out a dirge for the dead. Then St. Paul's took up the knell, and echoed the solemn notes to the accompanying hum of Broadway's busy traffic. Presently from another spire the bells boomed rhythmically, and so for an hour the air was filled with the mournful music.

In front of Trinity Church men were early at work draping flags and black streamers over the doorway. The Bank of Commerce soon had its marble pillars wound with mourning bands. The offices of the Commercial Cable Company, at Broad and Wall streets, were among the first draped, and on both fronts of the building streamers of alternate black and white were gracefully festooned. Before the day was over workmen were draping the big Produce Exchange building, the Petroleum Exchange, and several of the largest buildings occupied by insurance companies, banking corporations, and by brokers and lawyers.

A LITTLE RED TAPE HERE.

The machinery of the government offices does not move rapidly on such occasions, but the Sub Treasury, the Custom House, the Assay Office, Castle Garden and other buildings occupied by the federal or State authorities all had their flags displayed at half-mast. During the morning a dispatch came to the Custom House and the Sub-Treasury from Secretary Manning, directing the Collector and the Assistant Treasurer to find out how much it would cost to drape the buildings appropriately. Estimates were hastily procured and forwarded to Washington, and late in the day an order came to have the edifices put in mourning. The work will begin to-day.

All the foreign consulates hung out the flags of their respective countries at half-staff, and, of course, the business and financial exchanges displayed this emblem of respect as soon as they were opened for the day. The Stock Exchange, the Produce and the Cotton Exchanges, the Board of Trade, the Petroleum Exchange, the Naval stores, the Tobacco Board and the Coffee, the Metal and the Importers and Grocers' Exchanges, all had their flags at half-mast.

SELLING MOURNING TOKENS.

Along the sidewalks on Broadway and Nassau street peddlers sold portraits and mementoes of Gen. Grant, in the shape of large, life-size lithographs, card photographs, bronze medals, badges, with the General's well-known features printed on ribbon. The dealers had many customers, and seemed to do a thriving business. In many store windows portraits of Gen. Grant were displayed, and it was curious to see the crowds stop and linger in front of these pictures, gazing with renewed and saddened interest upon the plain, homely face with which everybody must be so familiar. Yet silently they stood, in the hot sun, often looking at the features as though they had never seen them before. Nothing could have spoken more eloquently of the hero's hold upon the affections of the people than this simple incident, so often repeated during the day.

ONLY A PICTURE.

Several lines of street railroads prepared small flags, bordered with black, which were attached to the roof of each car and allowed to flutter in the breeze. The car starter's office, at the foot of Park row, was decorated with the emblems.

The tide of travel up Fulton street from the Brooklyn ferry came to a very general halt in the early morning before a picture store window in which a large, gilt-framed engraving of Gen. Grant was displayed. The frame was draped with black and white bunting, with small rosettes at each corner. The front of the building was partially hidden beneath folds of dark drapery which had been early put in place. Over a small, hastily constructed shanty before one of the vacant lots along South street, floated a new flag of the common variety, so tied up that it was plain to be seen the rough looking individual behind the counter intended it should be at half-mast.

Surprised at finding a semblance of sentiment in such a place, the man was asked if he had been a soldier.

"No, my boy; but that don't hinder me from showing respect for the man that's gone."

SIGNS OF GRIEF IN THE HARBOR.

The scene upon the waters which flow on all sides of the city was but a reflection of

that observable throughout the mass of streets. Flags floated from thousands of boats, and very few there were which failed to denote in this usual manner that the death of Grant was their loss as well as that of others. Nor was the beautiful custom confined alone to vessels flying the American colors. All nations seemed to unite in the sorrow felt. Not a flag hung above its proper limit.

Tugboats, so diminutive that they could not be discerned between the huge vessels they were towing, gave forth the silent sig nal of distress, which was to be seen as far as the eye could reach up the rivers and down the bay. Crowded excursion boats carried their colors lowered. The excursionists were as many as on any other day, but there was a quieting influence noticeable over all. The great theme was on all lips, and many a homely, though heartfelt, eulogy was uttered.

ALONG BROADWAY.

Broadway presented one long avenue of flags at half-mast. They floated from all the more prominent buildings, and from many of the smaller ones. Considering the short time that had been allowed them for fixing their buildings, many of the proprietors of stores made a very impressive showing of mourning. Beginning about Chambers street and running northward the decoration of buildings was general. Some of the designs were noticeable for their tasteful appearance.

In many of the store windows pictures of Gen. Grant were displayed, bound in black. One store near Thirty-second street had five pictures of the dead hero displayed in its windows. Beneath the pictures were memorial mottoes. All the large hotels on Broadway were making preparations to decorate with drapery to-day. The Bijou Opera House was draped in mourning yesterday afternoon.

The stables of the Third Avenue Railroad Company were draped. Flags floated at half-mast from the Tombs prison, the Madison Square Garden and the various hotels. In Union square the flags were at half-mast on all the principal buildings. At the northern end of the park, where the row of gas lights is, the four poles had United States and New York State flags at half-mast.

TRIBUTES TO THE HERO.

Politics were lost sight of in the personal expressions of opinion concerning the dead hero. Democrats and Republicans alike paid him tribute.

"Yes," said Assistant Treasurer Acton, "I knew Gen. Grant well. The last time he was here, just before his illness, he sat in that chair where you sit now. He was the greatest man of his time. A thousand years from now the names of four Americans will live in history—Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant. Other great men live, die and are forgotten. These four are among the immortals."

"As time goes on the greatness of Gen. Grant's character will be more and more appreciated," said ex-Collector Robertson.

Collector Hedden said that there had been in our history but two men who seemed to have such a hold upon the people as Gen. Grant. These were Washington and Lincoln. The services of Gen. Grant never would be forgotten.

Surveyor Beattie said: "The whole civilized world has watched at Gen. Grant's bedside, and Europe and America join in sorrow for his loss, and admiration for the greatness of his character."

"The little flaws in the brave old General's life are all forgotten in the universal sympathy, admiration and grief," said Naval Officer Burt. "The most graceful act of President Arthur's administration was the placing of Gen. Grant on the retired list of the army."

Said Postmaster Pearson: "Sentiments of sorrow inspired all here on the reception of the news of the death of Gen. Grant, closing a conspicuously grand life."

MUNICIPAL OFFICIALS SPEAK.

"The General had a soft place in his heart for New York," said Mayor Grace, "and the city honored itself by tendering a last resting place for the remains of the dead hero. The circumstances out of which he developed were of such a nature as to cause us to hope that the nation will never again be forced to call such a man to its aid. Gen. Grant will, therefore, always remain a unique as well as a grand figure in our national history."

"Every man, woman and child in the country," said Register John Reilly, "should feel the death of General Grant as a personal loss. While he lived he deserved more at his country's hands than he received, and now that he is dead too much honor cannot be given to his memory."

"What is there to be said about him," exclaimed Comptroller Loew, "except that he was a grand and noble character, whose great work will remain and affect the nation's history for ages yet to come? He was a man whom I admired more than I admired any other of my fellow countrymen."

HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

General George B McClellan ("Little Mac") said: "In common with all the people of the country, I regret most sincerely and deeply the loss we have sustained in General Grant, and yield to none in my admiration of the services he has rendered the country and for his personal qualities. Personally I regret the loss of one who has been my friend for many years, and with whom I have never had the slightest misunderstanding."

General John Cockrane said: "An instance of greater moral grandeur than the death struggle of Gen. Grant has, I think, seldom attracted the world's gaze. He combined the elements of greatness with the

simplicity of a child. He was admired and beloved by the army, and will be remembered by his country with Washington and Lincoln."

IN THE REALM OF COMMERCE.

"I have always regarded General Grant as the greatest soldier of modern times," said Levi M. Bates, the dry goods merchant. "He is a hero of whom all Americans are proud."

George S. Coe, President of the American Exchange Bank, said that the banks were not permitted to close except upon the holidays specified by law. "But, I imagine," added Mr. Coe, "that the proclamation of the President of the United States, ordering the suspension of all public business on the day of the funeral obsequies, might be sufficient warrant for the banks to close. I do not know what the law may be, but it should be so, and I sincerely hope it may be."

WHAT THE CLERGYMEN SAY.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was called on by a *Herald* reporter at his summer residence in Peekskill yesterday. "A great man has gone," he said, as he looked meditatively across the Hudson to the hills beyond. "He was of the kind that we cannot afford to lose. He was as great a citizen as he was a soldier. He died as he lived—a stubborn hero. With his ability were combined integrity, purity, beautiful simplicity and reticence. He was greater in all things than in the Presidency. Then his generous nature put him too much under the influence of his friends. His death will be universally mourned in the South as well as the North. The men whom he fought so stubbornly hold him, I think, second only in their hearts to Lee."

Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of this city, said: "Gen. Grant has shown himself, by his fortitude in his long and painful illness, a man of great courage and mental, as well as physical, endurance. He has always been one of the people in his greatness of character, and will ever be such in the eyes of all. The next generation will see only the greatness and good deeds of the American representative citizen."

Rev. Henry S. Jacobs, of the Congregation B'nai Jeshuran, said: "I join in heartfelt sympathy and sorrow over the death of this illustrious man. To him may well be applied the utterance of Scripture, 'Observe the virtuous and behold the upright, for the end of such a man is peaceful.'"

AMONG THE EXCHANGES.

None of the business exchanges are open until ten o'clock in the morning. The news was, therefore, generally known before the brokers and traders assembled for the day's work. A stranger, who happened into the gallery at the Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, the Petroleum Board, or at any of the great speculative marts, at the opening, would have seen at a glance that something had happened of grave and serious import. There was much less noise than usually characterizes these places, where men struggle for wealth in a scrambling hurly-burly, amid deafening shouts of bids and orders. Little groups of brokers stood on various parts of the floor, with serious faces, discussing the news, none the less sad because so long expected. In place of the laughter and chaffing customary on 'Change, there were grave and sorrowful faces. And instead of the usual opening sales at the exchanges, the "tickers" printed this announcement on the tape: "Gen. Grant died at eight minutes past eight this morning."

THE FAMILY'S CITY HOME.

Since Gen. Grant's removal to Mount McGregor, his home, in East Sixty-sixth street, has been closed and uninhabited. It has been in charge of the Mutual District Telegraph's Company's branch office, on Madison avenue. Yesterday morning, when the news of the General's death was received at the telegraph office, Messrs. J. J. King and J. C. Williams, the day and night managers, visited the house. They arrived there at 10 o'clock A. M. and threw open the windows on the different floors so as to air the rooms. They also turned on the gas and water, and made all the other necessary preparations for putting the house in order for the return of the family. Throughout the day men, women and children passed in unusual numbers through the street. Nearly every passer by stopped in front of the house and gazed at it intently. There seemed to be a fascination about the place for every one. Those who spoke carried on their conversation in a whisper. Even the children seemed to appreciate the fact that the great soldier who had for so long fought there his final battle of this life was now no more. The majority of the visitors to the house came from the Park. Many of them went a long distance out of their way to view the residence.

FUNERAL PREPARATIONS.

The Rev. Stephen Merritt, the undertaker, has ordered of the Stein Manufacturing Company, of Rochester, a cloth-covered cedar casket, which they will ship direct from there to Mount McGregor. The coffin is known among the trade as an "Orient," and a duplicate of the one ordered was shown to the reporter.

It is an oblong red cedar casket, with an inside copper shell, which is covered with black satin tufting, and contains a black cloth pillow, trimmed with black lace. The outside is covered with black mourning cloth, and along the sides are placed two solid silver extension bar handles. The top is open full length, and has a solid silver name plate of plain design apon it.

Mr. Merritt's representative also showed the reporter a handsome funeral canopy, gracefully draped with black cloth lined with damasse silk, and supported on four carved mahogany posts, each eight feet in height.

This he stated would in all probability be used in the funeral ceremonies in this city. The canopy is the only one of its kind ever made, and was used some time ago at the obsequies of the late Bishop Simpson.

BROOKLYN.

The first intimation that Brooklynites generally received of the sad event was about a quarter past eight o'clock, when the bell on the City Hall suddenly began to toll in mournful and measured cadence. Everybody knew that some time ago Mayor Low had given orders that the bell should be tolled for an hour immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of the General's death, and quick as a flash of lightning the sad news went from end to end of the great city that the hero of Appomattox was no more. "Grant is dead," passed from lip to lip on the streets, on the avenues, on the boats, on the cars, everywhere, in fact, where there were lips to repeat the mournful intelligence. At the same time the bell in the Fourteeth ward tower tolled and thus spread through Williamsburg the news of the nation's loss.

THE SIGNS OF WOE.

Simultaneously with the tolling of the bells the flags on all the public buildings, were hoisted to half-mast, and within an hour afterward there was not a flagstaff in the city that had not its flag floating from it. The spontaneity with which this was done, was only equalled by the zeal of the people in displaying mourning on their residences. Indeed, the day had not half gone before all the public and a vast number of the private buildings were draped in mourning. In the evening the draping had so far progressed that the sable emblems of mourning met the eye at every turn and instinctively carried all beholders back to the day when all the houses were draped as a tribute to the memory of President Garfield.

OFFICIAL ACTION.

Early in the day several members of the Board of Aldermen united in signing the following:

BROOKLYN, July 23, 1883.

The Hon. Seth Low, Mayor:

DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned, would respectfully request that you call a special meeting of the Common Council to take proper action relative to the death of U. S. Grant.

When Mayor Low reached his office at two o'clock his first act was to call a special meeting of the aldermen for eight o'clok this (Friday) evening.

All the courts, civil as well as criminal, adjourned for the day after the morning session out of respect to Gen. Grant's memory. At nine o'clock the flags on the bridge towers were placed at half-mast, and the engineers and brakemen spent the rest of the day draping the engines and cars.

At the meeting of the Kings County Board of Supervisors in the afternoon, Mayor Low was present and offered resolutions, which were adopted, expressive of eulogy and regret.

It was ordered that the flags be displayed upon the Court House at half-mast until after the funeral, and that the Court House be suitably draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Prompt sympathy was manifested by the store-keepers and residents of

JERSEY CITY.

Scarcely had the sad tidings reached the city when many hands were busy in draping stores and dwellings with sombre hued fabrics and raising flags at half-mast. Mayor Collins issued an order to have the City Hall draped and Chief of Police Murphy, at his own expense, purchased the necessary materials to cover Police Headquarters with the emblems of mourning. At Fire Department Headquarters, Chief Farrer and Clerk Van Alest suspended black and white streamers until the Commissioners authorize a more elaborate display. The County Court House will be draped, as the committee of the County Board of Freeholders in charge of the building have given instructions to have it fittingly draped. A score of store-keepers have placed placards in their windows announcing that their establishments will be closed during the obsequies of the famous General.

In Hoboken the absorbing topic was the death, and all appeared to regret the demise of the courageous warrior. The grief was general, and the residents manifested their sorrow in hoisting the national colors at half-mast and displaying emblems of mourning.

NEWARK, N. J.

July 23.—The flags on the public buildings and many private residences and business places in Newark were run up at half-mast. By noon black drapery was festooned from the principal buildings on Broad and Market streets. Not since the death of Garfield have the expressions of sorrow been so universal. Mayor Haynes will issue a proclamation this morning and special meetings of the various posts of the Grand Army of the Republic and Sons of Veterans will be held to-night to adopt formal expressions of sorrow.

PATERSON, N. J.

July 23.—In Paterson, a few minutes after Gen. Grant had breathed his last, the news spread like wild-fire, and flag after flag went up at half-mast in every direction. Black drapery was then brought out and before nine o'clock a large number of buildings in all parts of the city had been draped in mourning.

BORDENTOWN AND ELIZABETH, N. J.

July 23.—The Young Men's Christian Association Hall at Bordentown was crowded by the most prominent citizens at four o'clock, representing the city authorities, the Grand Army, every church, and in fact, all classes in the community. A committee was appointed to see that all church and fire

bells were tolled at sunset and at sunrise each day until the day of the funeral obsequies.

The Veteran Zouaves arrived home at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four hours ahead of time, foregoing a reception at New York, Jersey City and Elizabeth, on account of the death of their old commader, and proceeded from their train to their armory. Their band played a funeral dirge.

Many bells tolled 62, Gen. Grant's age. All the public buildings placed their flags at half-mast, and business houses were draped in mourning very generally. The State House will be decorated with white and black today, and before night every street in the city will bear evidence of the respect of the citizens for the memory of the great soldier.

Mayor Walcutt immediately issued a call for a citizens' meeting, to be held in the City

THE PROCESSION ON BROADWAY, GEN. HANCOCK LEADING.

IN HIS NATIVE STATE.

COLUMBUS, O., July 23.—The death of Gen. Grant had been so long expected that it could hardly be said to have produced a shock when announced in this community. There was a feeling of sadness, however, none the less deep because the news was expected, and it was expressed universally, as it was visible in the countenances of all.

Hall this evening, and also addressed the following official communication to President Page, of the City Council:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
COLUMBUS, O., July 23, 1885.

Hon. Walter B. Page, President City Council, Columbus, O.:

DEAR SIR—The death of Gen. Grant is announced. The nation will be in mourn-

ing. It is befitting that this city should in some way express its deep feeling of sadness. I have deemed it proper to call a special meeting of the City Council to-night at 8 o'clock, that your honorable body may take the subject under consideration, and that our people may meet and give expression to their love, admiration and gratitude to the memory of the grandest man our country ever produced. Respectfully,

CHARLES C. WALCUTT, Mayor.

THE G. A. R.

Immediately upon the reception of the news of Gen. Grant's death the members of the Grand Army Posts hastened to post notices for a called meeting in various conspicuous places. In accordance with the call about 100 members of J. C. McCoy and J. M. Wells Posts assembled in the hall of the former at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Post Commander H. M. Neil was called to the chair and Mr. W. J. Cammitz appointed secretary.

Messrs. George K. Nash, John Beatty, E. C. Beach, C. C. White and H. M. Neil were appointed a committee to represent the Grand Army at the joint meeting of the Council and citizens in the evening.

IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

In pursuance of the Mayor's call, the City Clerk issued a call for a special meeting of the Council. They met in the chamber at 8 o'clock, President pro tem. Briggs presiding. The call was read, after which Mr. Hatcher offered the following resolution:

Resolved, by the City Council of Columbus, That a committee of five be appointed to represent this Council, at the joint meeting of citizens, Council, Grand Army of the Republic and such other organizations as may be represented, to take such action on the death of Gen. U. S. Grant as may be proper.

Resolved further, That the Mayor be requested to issue his proclamation requesting the citizens of Columbus to close their places of business on the day of the funeral.

CITIZENS' MEETING.

The citizens meeting was held in the City Hall immediately after Council adjourned. All the members of the Council were present, as were also the principal officers and many members of the two Grand Army posts, so that the meeting was more in the nature of a joint meeting of the three elements. The attendance was good, considering the meagre notice which had been given. Among those present were many of the most prominent gentlemen in Columbus.

Mayor Walcutt called the meeting to order, stating briefly the object—to take necessary steps for appropriate services in connection with Gen. Grant's death.

Gen. John Beatty moved that Senator Allen G. Thurman preside as chairman, which was unanimously carried.

Senator Thurman took the chair and addressed the meeting as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—The Mayor of the city has called you together to-night in order that some steps may be taken to express the profound sorrow that penetrates every heart in Columbus on account of the death of Gen. Grant. I understand that this is but a preliminary meeting. Indeed, there has been very short notice, and citizens in general who would have crowded this hall are absent. But enough are here to take preliminary action to make arrangements for a demonstration worthy of Columbus. I don't say worthy of the subject, for no meeting, however great, can do justice to that great man who is dead. No eulogy is needed now, and I shall attempt none, but shall only take the chair for such action as is the pleasure of the meeting."

Col. H. M. Neil stated the action of the Grand Army of the Republic Posts, as outlined above, in appointing a committee to act with the committee of the City Council and citizens. Mr. Briggs made the same announcement as regards the Council.

After one or two suggestions, Governor John Neil moved that memorial services be held in Goodale Park on the day of the obsequies over Gen. Grant's body, and that the citizens be invited to co-operate with the Council and Grand Army of the Republic. This motion was carried unanimously.

Judge Nash moved that a committee of five citizens be appointed to co-operate with similar committees of the Council and Grand Army, to make arrangements for memorial services. This was carried, and the committee appointed were, Mayor Walcutt, Judge W. J. Gilmore, W. G. Deshler, E. L. Hinman and A. D. Rodgers. The following telegram was ordered sent to Mrs. Grant:

COLUMBUS, O., July 23, 1885.

Mrs. Gen. Grant, Mt. McGregor, N. Y.:

The City Council and citizens of Columbus, O., and the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in this city, now assembled in public meeting, direct me to convey to you and your family an expression of their profound sympathy in your bereavement, and their deep sense of the loss sustained by the country in the death of Gen. Grant.

ALLEN G. THURMAN,
Chairman.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

The three committees appointed by the Council, Grand Army and citizens immediately met in joint session in the Mayor's office. Gen. Beatty was chosen chairman and Mr. J. S. Hatcher secretary, and arrangements were completed for a parade and memorial exercises in Goodale Park.

The Jackson Club met and adopted a series of resolutions of respect.

IN OTHER STATES.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 23.—The City Councils of St. Paul and Minneapolis passed resolutions of sorrow and sympathy as have

also all posts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

DETROIT, MICH., July 23.—The city and State of Michigan feebly attempted to express their heartfelt sorrow at the death of Gen. Grant by placing flags at half-mast and tolling bells.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 23.—The ringing of the bell in the steeple of Independence Hall this morning announced the death of Gen. Grant—sixty-three strokes of the big bell, one for each year of his life, was the signal of the sad event. Flags were run up to half-mast in all directions, and other emblems of mourning appeared in front of many business places and private houses.

FARGO, DAK., July 23.—Governor Pierce has issued a proclamation calling on the people of the Territory to observe the day set apart for Gen. Grant's funeral, by abstaining from work and paying respect to the memory of the dead soldier.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 23.—As soon as the news of Gen. Grant's death was received the fire bells of the city began tolling, and then the intelligence was speedily made known all over the city. Flags on public buildings are flying at half-mast, and the feeling of sorrow and sympathy is very general.

DENVER, COL., July 23.--Denver is draped in mourning in honor of Gen. Grant. Reports from the State indicate that the people everywhere deeply feel the Nation's loss. A meeting of the citizens was held in the Governor's office to-night to take action looking to the proper observance of the funeral.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 23.—Intelligence of the death of Gen. Grant was received in Baltimore with profound regret. Comparatively few people knew of it until the bells of the City Hall and Fire Department tolled. On all public buildings and many private houses flags were displayed at half-mast. A gloom pervades the whole population.

OMAHA, NEB., July 23.—The tolling of the Fire Department and church bells this morning announced the death of Gen. Grant. Newspapers issued extras, which were eagerly sought after, courts adjourned tor one day. The city is draped in mourning. A public meeting has been called for expressions of sympathy and sorrow. The entire State is in mourning.

SANTA FE, N. M., July 23.—Flags fly at half-mast to-day at military headquarters and on the Capitol. Public buildings are draped in mourning, and the District Court adjourned till to-morrow. A public meeting was held this evening to give voice to the universal sentiment of sorrow over the death of Grant, who spent a week in Santa Fe five years ago this month, visiting old friends and comrades.

TOPEKA, KAN., July 23.—The announcement of the death of Gen. Grant was received here with profound sorrow. Bells were tolled, flags placed at half-mast, and, without waiting to take any concerted action, business houses and many private residences were robed in mourning. All the military and civil organizations held meetings to-night to arrange for imposing ceremonies on the day of the obsequies.

CHICAGO, July 23.—All newspaper offices and other public houses here had flags at half mast within a few moments after Gen. Grant expired. Newsboys were quickly shouting "Extras!" and groups of people on their way to work eagerly purchased and stopped motionless to read. Arrangements to toll the fire bells had been made in case the long-looked for event occurred at night, but it was deemed that after daylight other means would spread the news as rapidly.

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 23.—The news of General Grant's death was received in this city a few minutes after 8 o'clock, and, although it was expected, created a profound feeling of sorrow. Flags on all the newspaper offices, public buildings and steamboats were placed at half-mast, and in many places portraits of the departed, draped in mourning, were displayed. A mass-meeting of members of the Grand Army of the Republic and a meeting of citizens will be called to take suitable action.

KANSAS CITY, MO., July 23.—General Grant's death has been the absorbing topic of conversation to-day. Many business houses have been draped in mourning and flags have been hung at half-mast. It had been expected that the Mayor this afternoon would issue a proclamation relative to Gen. Grant's death, requesting the citizens of Kansas City to observe the day of the funeral as a day of mourning, but it will probably be issued to-morrow.

GALENA, ILL., July 25.—Private telegrams announcing the death of Gen. Grant were received in Galena, the former home of the illustrious chieftain, at 8:20 this morning, and the public were made aware of the sad fact by the tolling of the First Presbyterian Church bell, which was quickly followed by other church and fire bells of the city. The feeling here is one of inexpressible sorrow, and this sentiment pervades every hearth. Gen. Grant was not only respected but was beloved by our people.

BOSTON, Mass., July 23.—Mourning draperies already cover many of Boston's stores and public buildings, and by to-morrow morning the decorations in black and white will exceed anything known here since President Lincoln's death. Sixty slow strokes on the fire-alarm bells announced Gen. Grant's death to the whole city at 8:26 this morning. For an hour the bells tolled mournfully, calling irresistibly to mind the midnight clangor when Garfield died. Flags everywhere throughout the city were placed at half-mast. Mayor O'Brien promptly called a meeting of the City Council, in both branches of which eulogies were spoken and resolutions passed. Governor Robinson will issue a proclamation to-night, calling for

special observance by all the people of the nation's calamity. Resolutions have been passed by the Produce Exchange and other public bodies. Within an hour after the news came, mourning decorations began to appear in Boston. The City Hall and other public buildings are now elaborately adorned. The front of Jordon, Marsh & Co.'s great store is completely covered with 60,000 yards of black and white goods—the most extensive display ever made in the city. On the corner appears a portrait of the hero, five feet high, in each corner of which is portrayed a battle scene. Festoons and perpendicular panelings of black and white hide the front of the building to the dome, and the flag which floats above is deeply draped. The interior of Faneuil Hall will be draped, and the portrait of Gen. Grant will be shown from the rostrum. The United States Courts adjourned on receipt of the news without doing business. Department Commander Husey, of the Grand Army, will issue an order to the veterans to-night. A committe of the Boston City Government will attend the ex-President's funeral. Very few churches of Boston are now open, but in those memorial services will be held. A public eulogy will be pronounced in Tremont Temple by some orator invited by the City Government.

Governor Robinson has issued a proclamation directing that flags on all public buildings of the Commonwealth be placed at half-mast until the interment of Gen. Grant's remains, and that on the day of the funeral all business be suspended in the Executive departments.

AT OTHER POINTS.

Throughout New England fire alarm bells were tolled, flags put at half mast and meetings held. The New Hampshire Legislature, in session at Concord, adjourned on receipt of the news. At Lowell, Mass., arrangements for a great public meeting have been made. In Milford, Mass., bells in different parts of the town were tolled for five hours. Specials from all points show that the expression of grief is universal.

At the Boston Custom House one or two officials took occasion to speak slightingly of Grant. The fact became known later, and a party of their associates visited them and forced them to retract their words. Personal violence was narrowly averted. A flippant youth on a horse-car said while the bells were tolling: "I don't see why they should make such a fuss; Grant isn't President now." An old gentleman in the next seat turned on the upstart and exclaimed: "It isn't that we're thinking about. We don't care whether he was President or not. Young man, you are old enough to vote and to talk, but you don't remember Donelson, or Vicksburg, or Appomattox. There are several millions of us who do, and we don't need to ask to-day why they're making such a fuss over the dead hero."

CITY OF MEXICO, VIA GALVESTON July 23.—The news of Gen. Grant's death was received here by the press in advance of the official notification to the American Legation. On all sides much sympathy is expressed for the American people in their great loss. Mexicans feel that the illustrious soldier and statesman was their greatest friend in the United States, and they mourn his death as that of a distinguished friend and patriot who could look beyond the boundaries of his country and sympathize with a neighboring people. The Government will take appropriate action to show its sympathy for the American people.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 23.—Hundreds of people read the bulletin board notices of Grant's death as early as 6 o'clock this morning, and everywhere expressions of genuine regret were heard. The newspapers unite in eulogizing the dead hero. The several posts of the Grand Army of the republic are in session to-night and will send delegates to the funeral.

DES MOINES, July 23.—News of Gen. Grant's death was received here with general expressions of sorrow. The fire bells tolled and flags on Government, State and city buildings have been at half-mast. A large number of business houses are draped in mourning, and mass-meetings are called for to-morrow, to take appropriate action for voicing its public sorrow.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—Out of respect for the memory of Gen. Grant, meetings were held this afternoon by the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, Grand Army of the Republic, and other associations. All of them appointed committees to confer with the Mayor and Board of Supervisors how to most appropriately show their gratitude for Grant's great services to the country and their respect for his memory. Governor Stoneman will be asked to declare the day of the funeral a legal holiday and recommend that all business be suspended.

CLEVELAND, O., July 23.—Newspaper offices and some business houses were draped in mourning, and flags were at half-mast on public and private buildings and all vessels in the harbor. Church bells tolled in the morning and fire bells all day. Minute guns were fired between 12 and 1 o'clock and 6 and 7 o'clock this evening, by order of the Mayor. Old soldiers at a meeting to-night decided to have a distinctively soldier demonstration on the day of the funeral, and committees were appointed to arrange for same.

CINCINNATI, O., July 23.—The bells of the fire department began tolling a few minutes after the receipt of the news of Gen. Grant's death. Flags on the Government buildings were displayed at half-mast. The Chamber of Commerce adjourned out of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant. The Chamber is draped in mourning.

A special from Batavia, O., near Gen. Grant's birthplace, says the whole community joins in sorrow at the death of their il-

lustrious citizen. Plans are on foot for purchasing and preserving the house in which Gen. Grant was born.

ATLANTA, GA., July 23.—The Governor has ordered the State House flag at half-mast.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 23.—Flags on public buildings and shipping here are flying at half-mast out of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant.

A DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.

ATLANTA, GA., July 23.—A lively sensation was created in the House of Representatives yesterday when a joint resolution on Gen. Grant's death was received from the Senate. The Senate resolution was brief, simply stating that the General Assembly heard with regret of the death of the great man, and would adjourn until Saturday out of respect to his memory.

Mr. Lamar offered a substitute, speaking of his death as a national calamity, and moving an immediate adjournment.

Mr. Harrison, of Quitman county, in an excited manner, moved to amend by striking out the part referring to the General's illustrious services.

Mr. Lamar, who is a cousin of Secretary Lamar, and was a gallant Confederate soldier, said that he believed his resolution was expressive alike of the feelings of the House and the people of Georgia.

Mr. Jake Dart, of Glynn, one of the leaders of the House and an eloquent orator, in an excited and very emphatic manner, walked from his seat down the aisle toward the Speaker's stand, and said: "Who could ask a smaller tribute than this? Thank God I have divested myself of prejudices. I have felt his strong arm, but I remember the terms he gave us—and they were terms that no conqueror but a magnanimous one would have given. I am as true in my fidelity to the State of Georgia as any member on this floor, but I do say, in God's name, as people and patriots, as American citizens, show respect to the office he held if not to his memory as a man."

Great excitement and applause followed this.

Mr. Harrison arose, his long red whiskers and red hair redder than ever, his face at red heat and his eyes flashing fire. He said: "I regret exceedingly this most unseemly scene, but when I am asked to compliment the memory of any man, alive or dead, upon whose service rested the last hopes of my native land, then you may charge me with whatever you please. It shall not have my support. It shall not be said that I complimented the services of a man who deprived Georgia of her rights as she believed them. Unseemly is this quarrel. Anxious to prevent it, have I been earnestly asking the originator of it to take a different step. Never here nor elsewhere will I, under any circumstances, attempt to say on any occasion that Georgia was wrong—that her sons were traitors—and compliment the author of her misery. I will not do it." [Great excitement and hisses.]

Other members spoke in favor of the resolution and severely attacked Harrison.

Dr. Felton arose in his seat and delivered a handsome tribute to Grant, and censured the effort to defeat the resolution. He closed by saying that if Gen. Grant had never performed another duty or another act except his fidelity to Southern leaders, "I would to-day with all my heart, a Southern man that I am, indorse this resolution honoring his memory."

Harrison here said that, as it was the desire of the House to pass the resolution, he would withdraw his objection.

The resolution went through with applause, and the House adjourned.

JOE JOHNSTON ON GRANT.

The Washington *Post* says: Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, on being questioned concerning his estimate of Gen. Grant, said: "His appointment as General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States certainly brought the civil war to a close sooner than it otherwise could have been accomplished. After he assumed full command of the Federal resources he organized two armies, against which we were unable to contend with any degree of success."

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 23.—The Cotton and Merchants' Exchanges both closed today at noon, and a session of the City Council was adjourned this afternoon out of respect for the illustrious dead.

CANTON, MISS., July 23.—The announcement of Gen. Grant's death is received here with sincere sorrow. All concede that a great man has passed away. His memory will be revered in the South, for that he quit fighting us when the war was over.

GALVESTON, TEX., July 23.—As soon as the news of Gen. Grant's death reached the city flags were displayed at half-mast on the Postoffice, Custom House, Cotton Exchange, *News* office and all of the principal buildings, as well as on the ships in the harbor. When the remains of the generous victor of Appomattox are finally laid away, fitting memorial services will be held.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 23.—News of the death of the old commander spread rapidly this morning, and before 10 o'clock all the fire alarm and church bells of the city were tolling the sad news. All day the slow and sad peals proclaimed the intelligence, and earnest sympathy and genuine grief was evinced on all sides. The flags on the State House, Government building, United States Arsenal, hotels and other buildings were placed at half-mast. The State offices were closed on receipt of the news, and the same action was speedily taken by city and county officers. Many leading stores are draped, and by to-morrow night the entire business

portion of the city will be covered with the emblem of grief. The City Council will hold a special meeting at 10 A. M. to-morrow to take appropriate action in the premises. The Grand Army Posts meet to-night. The people of Arkansas have a tender place in their hearts for U. S. Grant.

MOBILE, ALA., July 23.—The announcement of the death of Gen. Grant was received here to-day without any manifestation of feeling of any sort, as the tenor of yesterday's dispatches led the public to expect the news. The United States Court adjourned at 10 o'clock, Judge Bruce making suitable remarks relative to the national calamity. The flags on the municipal buildings, the Government buildings and the shipping were placed at half-mast. The general disposition seems to be to recall the brighter side of the character of the great deceased, and to omit, if possible, any reference to his political history.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 23.—The State Capitol of Illinois has been wrapped all day in the emblems of mourning for the dead hero, who began his great military career from this city. As soon as the sad news was received the bells of the city were tolled for an hour. During the forenoon the citizens' meeting was held, at which there was present Senator S. M. Cullom, Mayor J. M. Garland, Hons. J. C. Conkling, C. C. Brown, J. M. Palmer, Wm. Jayne, Milton Hay, W. E. Shutt, J. L. Million, A. N. J. Crook, C. L. Conkling, H. S. Green, N. B. Wiggins, F. W. Tracy, S. H. Jones, L. H. Bradley, Chas. Stern, D. T. Littler, E. R. Roberts, A. M. Garland, Rev. Francis Springer, Maj. E. S. Johnson and others. It was decided to call a general meeting at 4 o'clock, and after adjournment the Mayor issued a formal proclamation upon the mournful news, and sent the following dispatch:

To Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mt. McGregor, N. Y.—In behalf of the citizens of Springfield, the Capital of the State of Illinois, I tender to you a resting place for Gen. Grant in this city, where your illustrious husband began his career as a soldier in the late war.

JAMES M. GARLAND, Mayor.

THE OBSEQUIES.

It was evident from the day of Gen. Grant's death that the obsequies would be the most imposing with which the memory of any American citizen had ever been honored, and preparations for the event were begun on a most extensive and elaborate scale. Maj. Gen. Hancock was directed by the Secretary of War to take entire charge of the military arrangements, and all bodies desiring to participate in the obsequies were directed to report to him. The programme finally agreed upon was to have a private service for the family at Mt. McGregor on Tuesday morning, August 4th, after which the funeral train would begin its solemn trip to New York city by the way of Albany. Sunday, August 2d, was everywhere observed by the churches as a memorial day, and eloquent tributes of praise were delivered in thousands of churches in honor of the dead hero. Monday was devoted to completing the arrangements for the obsequies, which were to formally begin on the next day.

THE PALL BEARERS

selected by the President at the request of Mrs. Grant, were as follows:

General William T. Sherman, U. S. A.
Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.
Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N.
Vice Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, U. S. N.
General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia.
General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky.
Hamilton Fish, of New York.
Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts.
George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania.
General John A. Logan, of Illinois.
George Jones, of New York.
Oliver Hoyt, of New York.

THE BURIAL PLACE.

Immediately succeeding the death of Gen. Grant there arose much patriotic strife as to where his remains should rest.

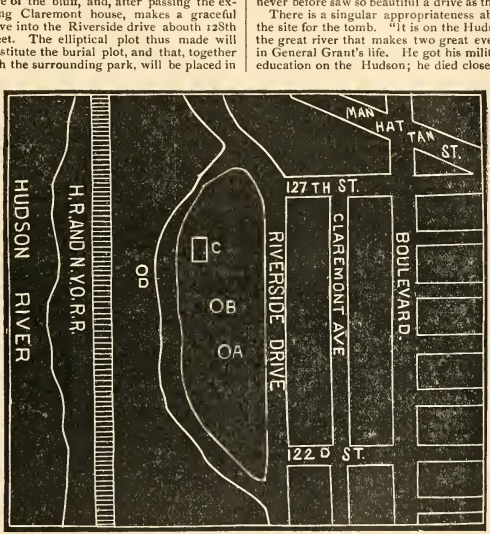
Washington or New York were the two points, at one of which it seemed proper to finally sepulture the nation's dead. Probably the great majority of persons preferred the Soldiers' Home at Washington, as being the most appropriate and natural place to bury one who belonged in so eminent a degree to the whole people. This view was shared largely by Grant's intimate army friends, and by most of the prominent men of the country. But New York City, on the day following the General's death, had formally tendered a burial spot in any of the parks of that city, and the acceptance of this offer was vigorously urged upon the family. It presently became known that previous to his death Gen. Grant had intimated that New York would be his preference, but he had insisted upon one condition, which was that wherever he might be buried, the remains of his wife were to be subsequently laid beside him. Col. Fred Grant communicated this condition to the New York authorities, and they immediately acceded to it. Col. Grant then visited New York, and Central Park was selected as the place of interment. But presently it was thought inappropriate for the body of the distinguished dead to rest in so public a place, and the selection was changed to Riverside Park, a beautiful spot overlooking the Hudson, which is thus described:

The annexed diagram of the land at the head of Riverside drive, hereafter to be known as Grant Park, shows the section dedicated to the national hero, and the surroundings thereof, between the boulevard and the river, from West 130th street to

121st street. It is the highest portion of the park, and the gentle slope from Riverside avenue to the edge of the bluff averages about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Thence the ground descends abruptly about one hundred and twenty feet to the level of the Hudson River Railroad. A wide drive, starting just south of 122d street, skirts the edge of the bluff, and, after passing the existing Claremont house, makes a graceful curve into the Riverside drive abouth 128th street. The elliptical plot thus made will constitute the burial plot, and that, together with the surrounding park, will be placed in

When Mr. Walters, proprietor of the London Times, was in this country a few years ago he was taken through Riverside Park by a friend. On reaching the place where General Grant is to rest, the distinguished editor turned to his host and said: "I thank you for showing me this spot. I have traveled over the world in many lands, but never before saw so beautiful a drive as this."

There is a singular appropriateness about the site for the tomb. "It is on the Hudson, the great river that makes two great events in General Grant's life. He got his military education on the Hudson; he died close by



SIGHT OF THE MAUSOLEUM.

the hands of the best landscape gardeners and architects in the country, so that one artistic entirety can be made of the mausoleum and the grounds.

The spot marked A is the site of the temporary tomb in which the body will be placed; B is the site of the permanent mausoleum in which the General and Mrs. Grant will be finally interred; C is the Claremont house, now used as a restaurant, but which is to be torn down, and D is the Pollock monument, erected in 1797. The elevation is one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and the scene unsurpassed. On a clear day one has an unbroken view of the Hudson from Nyack to Staten Island. the valley of the Hudson, and now his tomb is to be placed on the banks of the shining river" All the great ships of war can sail up the bay, pass in procession before Grant's tomb or salute it with their guns on great occasions. There will be a landing at the foot of the grounds. The New York Central railway will build a station at the foot of the slope. A more central location, a place easier of access could not have been selected. At the lower end of Riverside drive, which is about three miles long, is a statue of Washington, and it is proposed to erect a statue of Fulton somewhere between the two monuments. Grant's tomb is to occupy the highest point in the drive at the

extreme northern end, where the Hudson enters the land and forms a bay. The conformation gives Claremont the appearance of a promontory, giving the visitor a view unsurpassed on the Hudson for variety, magnificence and quiet grandeur.

Finally the arrangements were all completed and Tuesday, August 4th, the day appointed for the

BEGINNING OF THE OBSEQUIES,

arrived. Numberless incidents of interest occurred between July 23d and August 4th, all showing the tender regard of the nation and the world for the departed soldier; but space does not allow a reproduction of them here, and the dispatches are again allowed to continue the sad and solemn story of

THE NATION'S FINAL TRIBUTE

of honor and affection.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., Aug. 4.—On the mountain brow, by the eastern lookout, a gun boomed sullenly at 4 o'clock this morning. The shock of the reverberations was yet on the heavy air when a second report shook the earth, and startled the birds in the trees. The artillerymen had begun firing thirteen guns to mark the sunrise of General Grant's last day upon the mountain. In quick succession, and at short intervals, the guns were fired. The rain had stopped, but mist still concealed the valley. The shoulder of day was pushing through. Diffused and apparently

SOURCELESS LIGHT WAS TINGING THE HEAVY FOGS.

The morning crept on to 5 o'clock, and again the half-hour gun boomed its solemn token of respect from the mountain side. Then a steady breeze came up from the direction of the Catskills and fanned openings in the low-lying clouds, and they began moving. Shreds of gray vapor were torn from the lifting fog by the treetops and floated lazily off toward the northeast. Distance lengthened to the vision, and tree trunks and tops were visible at the same time. The cottage and the hotel became so clear that several artists for illustrated papers were enabled to catch their outlines. The soldiers received orders to break up camp, and in less than twenty minutes all the tents had disappeared from among the trees and were packed away in boxes ready for shipment. Notwithstanding the heavy and continuous rain of the night, the soldiers slept well and were comfortable. They had an abundant supply of dry straw to place under their blankets, and the tent covers being water-proof they had little uneasiness from the rain. Dawn on the mountain's side at 5:45 o'clock.

A BUGLE RANG OUT ON THE STILL AIR.

It was the assembly call for trumpeters. Fifteen minutes later the buglers of the four companies of troops were sounding the reveille, and as the last strains floated over the mountain they were swallowed up in the booming of the gun that every half-hour through all the day will thus tell the valleys the significance of the day, and at sunset will close with thirty-eight volleys. Then the soldiers, in full uniform, stood at parade rest for roll call. Down where the battery of guns are planted, close by the path of General Grant's last ride to the lookout, at 7 o'clock the shock of the gun awoke clear echoes over the mountain and down the slopes. The puff of heavy smoke from its muzzle floated out into the clear air. Down at the foot of the mountain the edges of the forest were visible. The day was coming in. The heavy, gray fog-walls were broken.

THE FAMILY AT THE COTTAGE WERE ASTIR

as the morning touched 8 o'clock, and correspondents and guests were moving at the hotel. The mountain train at 6 o'clock had begun bringing up people, and every hour thereafter the little engine drew up at the depot. The funeral car to carry the remains from the mountain to Saratoga came up early and lay waiting the burden it should carry. Last night the family, in a group and alone, hade taken their

FINAL FAREWELL OF THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD GENERAL,

and to-day they give up his body to the nation. At 9 o'clock the family, except Mrs. Grant, repaired to the hotel for breakfast. On their return, Col. Grant and his wife, with Mrs. Sartoris, paused upon the ridge at the rear of the cottage and among the pines, to scan the bright picture of mountain and valley, fresh fields and glistening leaves away to the eastward, and then the family entered the cottage and preparations began for the funeral journey. Maids and men servants were busy, and so was Stenographer Dawson, who was receiving closing suggestions from the Colonel. The former will remain on the mountain at the cottage, at Col. Grant's request. Even this morning, when the family were at the hotel, at breakfast, it was not surely known what the widow would determine to do. She had her trunk packed yesterday in the event of her deciding to go with the remains, but her decision, if known to herself, had not been shared with the family early in the morning to-day. At 8:30 o'clock

THE DOORS OF THE GRANT COTTAGE HAD BEEN THROWN OPEN

and a stream of visitors poured in steadily for over an hour. About 9 o'clock the head of a long line of buggies, wagons, omnibuses and various kinds of vehicles appeared, climbing up the steep incline near the eastern outlook, and soon the area in the vicinity of the cottage was thronged with horses and wagons, and farmers with their wives and families. At 9:30 a train of two cars brought Gen. Hancock and a number of distinguished visitors. The two companies of regulars were drawn up to receive them, and they

proceeded from the station to the cottage in the following order: Gen. Hancock and Col. Jones, Admiral Rowan and Gen. Sherman, Senator Miller and Joseph W. Drexel, Gen. Hancock's staff, Miss Drexel, her aunt and cousin.

DRESSED IN DEEP MOURNING

on the same train came the Loyal Legion under Past Assistant Paymaster Gilbert A. Robinson, Brevet Brigadier General Charles A. Carleton, Paymaster George DeForest Barton, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Aug. McClark and Capt. Edmund Blunt. At 10 o'clock services were held at the cottage, in the presence of over one thousand persons. Cane chairs and rustic seats were provided for the ladies under the trees in the grove before the cottage. Those who failed to secure leafy shade used their umbrellas. The ceremonies opened with the reading of the 90th Psalm, which was followed by an impressive prayer by Rev. Bishop Harris. The hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," was joined in by the whole assemblage present with fine effect. Dr. Newman then came forward and delivered a sermon on the subject of the dead General, the family sitting meantime about the remains in the parlor.

At the conclusion of the discourse, the noble hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," was rendered very impressively by those assembled. The services ended with the benediction. After the services ended there was

A MOVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE TOWARD THE COTTAGE,

to get a final look at the corpse. But it was not deemed advisable to admit any one, in view of the fact that it was near the time for the funeral train to start. Gen. Sherman, Gen. Hancock and Senator Evarts left the balcony together. Mrs. Grant had concluded to not go with the funeral train, but to wait over until 4 o'clock, when she and the other ladies of the family will leave for Saratoga, and from there go direct to New York.

U. S. Grant Post 327, of Brooklyn, bore the remains from the cottage to the station shortly before 1 o'clock. The military were drawn up, and a salute was paid the remains as they passed to the depot, and the throng stood with uncovered heads while the casket was borne to the car. The mountain train waited at the little rustic depot. Seven cars were there. Next to the engine the funeral car, with open sides and solid massive drapery, was placed. The transfer from the cottage to the train was completed without difficulty, and the train started for Saratoga.

Among those representing the military were the following: Gen. W. S. Hancock, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Gen. H. A. Perry, Col. Sutherland, Col. John P. Nicholson, Lieut. Col. Finley Anderson, Capt. G. S. L. Ward, Capt. John H. Weeks and Lieut. Eugene Griffen. The guard of honor, U. S. Grant Post, Brooklyn, consisted of Col. Wm. H. Barker, Maj. B. R. Corwen, Dr. Geo. W. Bras, Reese B. Gwillim, J. P. Howalt, Commander John H. Johnson, Henry W. Knight, R. F. MacKellar, Wm. McDonald, Wm. J. McKelvey, Geo. J. Collins, Noah Tibbits and Geo. B. Squiers. Six men of the Legion of Honor, general mourners, were represented by Wm. M. Evarts, Admiral Rowan, Warner Miller, Jos. W. Drexel, Potter Palmer, Gen. J. A. Cresswell and others.

At 1 o'clock the order to start was given. Engineer Martin shut all steam from the cylinders, and the train, standing as it did, upon a grade, slowly started by its own weight and impetus down the mountain. The bluffs and ridges on each side of the track were densely thronged with people. The grove south of the cottage, where the General's little grandchildren played, was alive with spectators. Every rock, every jutting point, every vantage ground was occupied. But from all the throng, standing uncovered in the afternoon sunlight,

NO SOUND ESCAPED.

The mountain was hushed and still, except for the heavy booming of guns bidding farewell. It was a death scene in sunshine. Slowly the little engine started, but quickly it felt the impetus of the descent. Out upon the first bluff of the mountain and clear of the forests crept the little engine, and the train trailed around the curve where, seven weeks before, Gen. Grant, alive, had turned to view the same sweep of the valley and mountain, with Saratoga lake glittering in the sunlight ten miles away, and to-day, as the train rounded this outlook, the General's sons gazed out upon the scene and may have thought of the other day as compared with this. Sweeping about curve after curve, to right and left, the train passed slowly down the mountain. On it rolled toward the plain and away upon the mountain by the famous eastern lookout, yet now in full view, there was a puff of white smoke. In an instant the sound of a booming cannon re-echoed in the trees and rattled a volley of little echoes over and down across the plain. The artillerymen were yet bidding their farewells. The descent to the little village of Wilton was safely accomplished, and on the platform a few hundred villagers

SILENTLY SAW THE TRAIN PASS THROUGH,

and their heads were uncovered. The level plain was reached. Seven level miles lay between the train and Saratoga. The speed was a little increased. Farmers and their families stood near and sat upon the farm fences to see the train that bore the dead General. Again the cannon on the mountain spoke out over the valley, but only the edge of its re-echo reached the moving train. The spires of Saratoga were coming in view, and from that direction

CAME THE DULL BOOMING OF THE CANNON

planted a half mile out of the village beside

the Mt. McGregor tract. Soon this battery was reached and passed, its brass guns saluting the train on its passage. The last curve was rounded and the train straightened away parallel to the tracks of the Delaware and Hudson tracks, on which, just north of the Mt. McGregor depot, the funeral train of the New York Central road was waiting, while thousands of persons were being held back by the military. The mountain train drew alongside the other train and stopped. There were nine cars in the New York Central train. Next to the engine came the funeral car. "Woodlawn." The other cars were occupied as follows: Car No. 2, clergy and Dr. Douglas; third, the sons and notable mourners; fourth, Gen. Hancock and staff; fifth, Governor Hill and staff; sixth, the press; seventh and eighth, the military escorts and the baggage.

THE REMAINS WERE LIFTED IN SILENCE

by the guard of honor to the car "Woodlawn," which was draped with black and hung with flags, and the funeral parties were transferred to their respective cars, which were all trimmed in plain black. The Brooklyn guard of honor and the six men of the Loyal Legion, with a detatchment of regulars, entered the dead car; also two men of Wheeler Post, G. A. R.

Soon after 2 o'clock Superintendent Voorhees bade Conductor Thornton give the signal to start, and the impressive and heavy train moved through the throngs, and away from Saratoga.

LEAVING SARATOGA.

ALBANY, Aug. 4.—To all on board the funeral train the beautiful drapery of the cars was the subject of comment. No woodwork, except the sashes of the windows, was visible. The engine and tender was draped with plaited black radiating from a rosette center. Twenty-seven hundred yards of cloth were used. The train had been prepared under the direction of Mr. D. M. Kendrick, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central road, who will accompany the train to New York. The starting of the train from Saratoga was almost imperceptible, so slow was it done. At the rate of eight or ten miles per hour the train moved eastward out of Saratoga. At every street crossing, on every veranda and balcony all vantage ground for observation was taken up. The bells in the steeples of Saratoga tolled

AS THE BLACK TRAIN TRAILED SLOWLY

out of the village toward Albany. The clock tower dial in Saratoga indicated 2:10 o'clock as the train passed through the suburbs. Twenty-five minutes later the train pulled slowly into Ballston. About the depot were throngs of men and women. Church bells were slowly tolling and a field piece near the depot saluted the train.

In the funeral car the U. S. Grant Post, who were with the remains, mounted guard. The casket rested upon a black dais and the compartment in which they lay communicated with the main saloon by folding doors, which were open. The doors at the sides of the funeral compartment were also open and the afternoon sunlight shone upon the royal purple velvet and the silver mounting of the casket. The first and each succeeding detail mounted on guard, consisted of two men of the U. S. Grant Post. One stood with folded arms at the head of the casket and the other at the foot. The first guard was mounted as Ballston was being passed. Round Lake, Rev. Dr. Newman's summer home, was passed at 2:48 o'clock. The depot, platform, fences and fronts of the cottages in the grove were black with mourning drapery. The resident population of the resort formed

LINES OF UNCOVERED HEADS

on each side of the tracks and scarfs of mourning were fluttered by many ladies in the throng, as the sombre train moved by. The hamlet of Coons was left behind at 2:55 and Mechanicsville was only a few miles ahead. The sound of the village bells came faintly above the rumble of the train, and signals of grief were displayed. Waterford Junction was passed at 3:14 and between there and West Waterford, which was three minutes beyond, a train going in an opposite direction slowed and halted as the funeral train approached.

Apparently, Cohoes, at 3:22, when the black train rolled through, had emptied its factories and workshops, its stores and its homes, and everybody had crowded to the track and near-by buildings to see the train that bore a dead General and ex-President. West Troy was passed at 3:28 P. M., and the heavy, black-draped train rolled into Albany at 3:40 o'clock, on time, as per special schedule. Superintendent Voorhees, of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's road, stepped down from the cab of the engine. "From the first movement of the train from Saratoga to this instant," he remarked to one who had ridden on the train, "you have heard no sound from bell or whistle." It was true.

Colonel Grant, Jesse and U. S. Grant, jr., alighted first from the funeral train when it had stopped at the foot of Spencer street in Albany. Governor Hill took the first upon his arm, Assistant Adjutant General McEwen the second, and Colonel Gillette the third. Rev. Dr. Newman, Dr. Douglas and General Sherman followed with General Porter, and the party was at once escorted to carriages and driven to the Governor's mansion. Before the remains were moved Governor Hill and the other officers returned to the train, and there greeted General Hancock and staff, who were at the moment alighting from the car they had occupied. The remains were placed within the mounted catafalque.

SIX BLACK HORSES WITH BLACK TRAPPINGS

were hitched to the funeral car, and at the

head of each horse as leaders were members of G. A. R. Posts 5 and 121. The crowd was dense. The remains having been deposited on the funeral car, it was drawn out into Spencer street, where it was flanked by company A, Fifth Artillery, and company E, Twelfth Infantry. Grand Army men guarded the remains at posts of honor, and four men of the tenth battalion were mounted at each corner of the catafalque. General Hancock and staff filed out into Spencer street, where the General was mounted on a powerful black horse splendidly caparisoned. The organizations to take part in the procession were waiting in the various streets along the line of march, and assumed their assigned positions in the procession as the head moved on. There were 4,311 men in the procession. Many companies outside of Albany and its vicinity were present and joined in the procession.

THE COLUMN MOVED TO THE CAPITOL,

where General Hancock dismounted and retired, and the remains were deposited beneath the great catafalque in the Senate corridor. Before being so placed the body was conveyed to a private room in the Capitol building, where the undertakers and embalmers removed the lid of the casket to inspect the body, and learn its condition after the journey from the mountain. They said they found the remains in excellent condition. The public was admitted finally about 5 o'clock, being permitted to walk two abreast on each side of the casket which lay on an inclined dais. Seven thousand four hundred persons reviewed the remains the first hour. The U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn had 125 men waiting here, and a detail of six men on each side of the casket kept the throng moving. The details for guard duty will be relieved by members of their respective organizations at intervals of three hours each, until the remains are again moved. Company B, of the Fifth battalion, under command of Capt. Stackpole, was placed on duty in the corridor

TO STAND GUARD UNTIL MIDNIGHT,

when it was relieved by company D, of the same battalion. The remains will lie in state in the Capitol continuously until 10:30 a. m. to-morrow, when the doors will be closed. At 11:30 the funeral procession will be again formed. The remains will be transferred from the catafalque to the funeral car at the State street entrance of the Capitol, and will be escorted to the Central Railroad depot. At 12:20 p. m. the pilot engine will leave Albany and run ten minutes ahead of the scheduld time for the funeral train for New York, having the same rights. The funeral train will leave the depot here at 12:30 p. m., arriving at the Grand Central depot, New York, at 5 p. m., according to the published schedule.

Late this evening Col. Grant, Jesse and U. S. Grant, jr., accompanied by Governor Hill and others, entered the Capitol. The throng of visitors was checked for a time, and the General's sons passed beneath and halted briefly to view the remains of their father.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 5.—The files of people which began passing the remains of General Grant in the Senate corridor at the Capitol when the doors were first thrown open yesterday afternoon had not diminished at midnight. The solid tide of visitors entering from Washington avenue split at the foot of the casket, and in two files streamed out through the State street portals until 10 o'clock this morning. Showers fell, but the throng had been maintained without diminution. After 1 o'clock the crowds lessened, and at 2 o'clock the guards on duty by the coffin began to relax and stand at ease. After 2 o'clock the numbers were less and less, until at 4 o'clock the throng had sunk to a succession of stragglers. So few were there that more time was permitted to visit or view the remains. There was a comparative respite until 5 o'clock, when the stragglers were reinforced, and when it was 6 o'clock

51,200 PERSONS HAD VIEWED THE REMAINS,

and the solid tide was again flowing and the two streams of visitors were surging past the casket. The line outside the Capitol building increased with the hours, until at 10 o'clock the people, four abreast, reached down Washington avenue, a full block to where the coming throngs were formed in line by a strong force of police. At 10 o'clock it was estimated that the remains were being viewed by 100 persons per minute, and that up to that hour 60,000 persons had seen the face of the dead General. At the Executive Mansion the sons of General Grant, with Drs. Douglas and Newman, breakfasted quietly with the Governor. The morning papers were afterward scanned in silence by the party, the voluminous details calling forth no comment of the sons except among themselves.

The day had dawned bright, and from the country side farmers and their families had come in early to see the great dead. Trains east and west added to the number of the strangers in the city, and the morning boats brought many more.

At 10:30 o'clock this forenoon the Capitol doors were swung shut. The compact line of waiting visitors which extended over a block was shut off thus, and those who had entered were permitted to pass rapidly out, when the State street doors were closed, and none but the guard of honor from U. S. Grant Post, Wheeler Post of Saratoga, and the six men of the military order of the Loyal Legion were allowed to remain. The undertakers now took charge, and so far as possible

PREPARED THE REMAINS FOR THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY.

Outside the Capitol building, in the park,

the military and other organizations were forming at their stations, and many companies were filing to the side streets, whence to move at the word of command.

Slowly the funeral car, drawn by six black horses with their mourning trappings, moved to the State street side of the Capitol. General Hancock, mounted upon a black charger from West Point, and followed by his staff, approached the Capitol, as also did General Farnsworth and staff. Governor Hill and staff had gathered at the Capitol and were in waiting. Eleven o'clock had passed, and it was a half hour late when the great doors of the Capitol swung open on the State street side and the guard of honor from U. S. Grant Post were seen by the waiting crowds, with the remains inside the corridor. At this moment

THE GUARD OF HONOR MOVED OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT,

to slow strains of music, and the sound of the trumpets of the regulars, upon the upper steps of the Capitol, thirteen men touching the casket, and so surrounding and almost hiding it from view. The sombre car was waiting at the foot of the steps in the street. Four men were inside the car and assisted in lifting the remains to the black dais within the mounted catafalque. Then Colonel Beck and Major Brown ranged their companies of regulars on either side of the car, the front being level with the heads of the horses. The Grand Army guard took positions, the blare of trumpets rang out, and the procession started at a measured pace down State street, the various organizations falling in to form the procession. Reaching Broadway, amid the dull boom of cannon and the tolling and chiming of bells in the steeples, the march through Broadway to Steuben street, and thence to the depot, was everywhere densely thronged.

THE SONS OF GRANT AND THEIR COMPANIONS OF YESTERDAY

were driven to the depot, where the long, black funeral train was awaiting its burden. Gen. Hancock and D. M. Kendrick were in charge, and at the request of Assistant Adjutant General Asa Bird Gardner, F. W. Mack, the Associated Press representative, assumed charge of the car of public information. Guns boomed while the remains were being placed on the car "Woodlawn," and the bells tolled slowly. The committee from New York entered their cars. Gen. Hancock and staff were aboard where the regulars were quartered, and the great train started. The remains

WERE VIEWED IN ALBANY BY 77,200 PERSONS.

The train was constituted and occupied as follows: First, the locomotive; second, baggage car; third car, the sons of the General, with Rev. Dr. Newman and Dr. Douglas; fourth, Gen. Hancock and staff, fifth, Gov. Hill and staff and the committees of the House and Senate; sixth and seventh, the New York committee of one hundred; eighth, the car of public information; ninth and tenth, the regulars, under command of Col. Beck and Maj. Brown; the eleventh car was not needed, and was taken off.

At the instant the train started, a dirge came up to the ears of all in the train from the band of the Jackson corps, that stood in line and saluted. Hundreds of persons standing nearest the tracks laid coins on the rails to have them flattened beneath the wheels of the train that carried General Grant on his last journey. On the roofs of the houses in the vicinity hundreds witnessed the start, and as the black train rumbled across the long bridge of the Hudson, it was between two dense lines of people who filled the foot paths on either side. There was no clang of bell, no scream of whistle—only the dull rumble of the wheels beneath the memorable train. Across the river were crowds of people. The shops and stores and factories had closed their doors to business. All who work and those of leisure seemed to have come out to stand with uncovered heads, to be part of a scene never again to be enacted. The long sweeping curve was rounded, and the black train was straightened out level with the bed on its way to the metropolis. Looking back from the engine cab, as the train swept around this curve, at Greenbush, the impressive effect was thrilling.

Hudson, too, paid its respects to the passing dead, with hundreds of persons at the station, which was draped with signals of mourning; and the report of a gun was heard from somewhere back on the hills. The hot sunshine was being tempered by

SNOWY AND THUNDEROUS LOOKING CLOUDS

that moved up from behind the blue crests of the Catskills to shade the notable train with their canopy. The clouds' shadows took the place of the sun's bright reflection on the bosom of the river. The mountains were wheeling nearer and nearer as the train rolled onward, twenty and thirty miles an hour. The purple shadows under the brow of the mountains, to which the dead of to-day had thought to have gone this month, were deepening as the clouds sailed higher into the blue sky. Away across the river on the foot hills of the Catskills, a hotel heavy with flags and dense with forms of people grew into view. The station of Catskill was just ahead. A gun boomed a salute and

A WHITE PUFF OF SMOKE FLOATED OUT OVER THE RIVER.

There were many people along the tracks on either side. The little station with mourning tokens was hurried by. The speed was increasing, but the long dark train swept around curves and over levels steadily and smoothly. Out on the river there were many little boats and launches, and some yachts with ensigns tipped with black. Each bore people with heads uncovered, and all

these tokens of respect were not unheeded by the sons of the dead, while most of the time they sat in silence, with their eyes on the river and mountain peaks beyond Poughkeepsie was coming in view around the curve, where the little pilot engine occasionally could be seen with its ten minutes headway.

Rhinebeck had gone by at 2:13 P. M.; of Garrison's, which is the railway station for West Point, when suddenly the report of a cannon shook the heavy atmosphere, and speed was slackened as the station was neared. Again the heavy sound came from the gun. The train's speed lessened gradually as it emerged from the cut, and hundreds of people were seen lining the way on either side. Again the report of the gun

THE PROCESSION PASSING FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

Staatsburg at 2:22 P. M.; Hyde Park at 2:30 P. M., and when the train rolled through the throng at Poughkeepsie the dial marked 2:45 P. M., and the funeral train was on time.

Lines of people were everywhere to be seen, all reverent in attitude as the train passed on. Cold Spring had been passed, and West Point was only a minute away. Col. Grant, Gen. Porter and others in the car took seats on the river side. The train was passing through the deep cut just north shook the still air that before the coming storm was almost painfully hushed. Then at 3:27 the train rolled slowly past the little station at Garrison's, and there was shown a tribute from his old student home to the dead soldier. Along the side of the railway before the station,

THE CADETS FROM WEST POINT WERE DRAWN UP IN LINE

at "present arms." All the officers of the Post were near with uncovered heads, and

the band from the Post, with muffled drums, was playing "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." The strains were not loud, but subdued, and they blended with the muttering thunder over the river. And all the while, at intervals of five seconds, came the sound of a gun. The little station passed out of sight, and the strains from the band died away. The funeral train had again quickened its speed, but it was overtaken by a storm, which prevailed with much force for ten minutes. Then the clouds broke, and the rain ceased.

Peekskill went by at 4:43, Sing Sing at 4:01, Tarrytown at 4:11, Dobbs's Ferry at 4:19. At Yonkers the military was drawn up at the depot, and thousands were waiting. The Grand Central clock dial marked 5 o'clock, and the train was still on time. Gen. Grant's last journey was ended, and, from the start, there had been no clang of bell nor sound of whistle.

NEW YORK, August 5.—The catafalque and canopy used at Mt. McGregor reached the City Hall this morning, and was early placed in position in the corridor immediately behind the rear iron gate. The marble flooring surrounding it was covered with rubber carpet, designed to deaden the tread of the hundreds of thousands of persons who will pass around the bier while the body of the deceased lies there. A squad of police was stationed throughout the building, and all persons were excluded therefrom, excepting those whose business caused a deviation from the rule. The firm which has draped the exterior and interior of the building today had a force of workmen employed in making final preparations for the reception of the General's remains. The steps of the staircase reaching from the corridor to the Governor's room have been hidden by broad strips of dark material, augmenting the solemn appearance of the interior, and at the platform, where the spiral stairway begins,

A BRONZE BUST OF GEN. GRANT

has been placed on a pedestal, surrounded by the American flag, covered with crape. All day long crowds of people ascended the outer steps of the building, and peered through the iron-barred gates at the dismal interior and the spot where the body will repose, as indicated by the richly-draped canopy.

Hurrying crowds sought shelter from the driving rain under the eaves of the Grand Central depot at 4:40, deploring the mischance that would turn the parade into a weary tramp through a drenching storm. Their fears were groundless. Brighter skies showed in the west when the funeral train rolled into the depot. Military methods had indeed proved infallible. The escort was ready, and at the door promptly at the stroke of 5. The dark clouds had rolled over, and the sun broke forth, illuminating the glass-covered arch. As the train moved in

ITS RAYS FELL UPON THE SILVER MOUNTING

on the coffin, purple-covered, and with the single wreath of oak leaves placed over the heart of the dear father by the children's hands resting upon the lid. It fell upon the wrinkled faces of the veterans who carried it tenderly as a loved child from the car to a light push cart, brought down from Wood-lawn for the purpose, and drew it up the inclined platform and across to the west side of the depot, and to the vehicle that was to be the last on which the body would ever ride. With them walked six of the Loyal Legion and two Grand Army men. General Hancock and his suite passed through the gate into Forty-third street, where horses were awaiting ahead of the coffin, and then galloped to the head of the procession on Fifth avenue below Forty-third street.

THE THREE SONS OF GEN. GRANT ALSO LEFT THE DEPOT QUIETLY.

All the others who had come with the train followed the remains out in double-file. The citizens' committee of 100, led by ex-Mayor Cooper and ex-Governor Cornell, Ex-Mayor Franklin Edson and Jackson S. Schultz, walking, next followed the regulars, behind them Governor Hill and Gen. Farnsworth and his glittering staff, and in their turn committees of the House and Senate at Albany. In Forty-third street the catafalque waited.

Eight steps led up to the raised platform upon which the veterans sat down the coffin with its wreath of oak. It bore no other mark or ornament save the golden plate. Their duty done, the veterans stepped down and took their stand beside the catafalque. The clash of troops presenting arms and the mournful strains of a dirge played by the Government band had greeted the appearance of the casket in the doorway. Files of soldiers of the Seventy-first regiment were drawn across the street, and on the opposite curb from the portal to the catafalque, as the casket was borne between them, the teeming crowds behind the militiamen uncovered and the mellow sunlight fell upon thousands of bowed heads. Then the heavy tread of the regulars broke the stillness as they marched up to take their place beside the catafalque. Twelve colored men seized the reins of the twelve black horses, that were shrouded in black like the hearse, and standing beside them, awaited the signal.

After a wait of a half hour the procession started, the head of the cortege far down Fifth avenue when the order to move was given, with the stalwart figure of Gen. Hancock in the lead.

On the block, in front of the file, twenty mounted policemen cleared the streets. Every stoop and railing that might furnish a point of observation was occupied, every dismantled lamp-post had its tenant, and on telegraph and electric light poles boys hung like knots on a rope. Everywhere, as the

coffin passed ,head swere bowed. The huge crowd was silent and absolutely voiceless. From far ahead was heard the quarreling of the police and the crowd, but where the procession passed all was still, save the steady tramp of the marchers, the rumble of the heavy guns, the roll of the muffled drums and the mournful dirges of the bands.

When the procession arrived at the park after 7 o'clock, the space on the plaza directly in front of the steps, leading up to the heavily draped portico of the City Hall, had been kept clear by police, Gen. Hancock and his staff moved into the park, followed by the Twenty-second regiment, ascended the steps and passed into the building. Here, beneath the canopy, he was met by Mayor Grace and escorted to the Mayor's office. A moment later a carriage containing the Grant party rolled up to the steps. Dr. Douglas, Rev. Dr. Newman and Gen. Porter were the first to alight. After them came the funeral car. As it paused in front of the portico, and preparations were being made for taking the coffin from the funeral car, a solemn dirge was played, and a detachment of twelve men from Brooklyn U. S. Grant Post

TENDERLY LIFTED THE COFFIN FROM ITS RESTING-PLACE

and bore it into the City Hall. There, beneath the catafalque, the men who bore the coffin laid dow their burden. Colonel Fred. Grant, Ulysses S. Grant and Jesse Grant, dressed in black, followed the body into the hall. Then came the Committee of One Hundred representing the city of New York, the Legislative Committee, members of the Common Council of Albany, and others. The body was then taken into a private room by the undertakers and prepared for public view. Then, at the request of Col. Grant, Col. Floyd Clarkson placed upon Gen. Grant's breast the decoration of the Loyal Legion of Honor, and Senior Vice-Commander Johnson fastened by its side a medal of the Grand Army of the Republic. A guard of U. S. Grant Post stopped about the coffin on either side. The Legion of Honor guard stood at the head, and members of the National Guard were distributed about the corridors.

When the gates were opened, a long line of people, shut in by files of policemen, passed into the portico, and, after reviewing the remains, passed out by a rear door of the hall.

GEN. HANCOCK FORMALLY DELIVERED THE BODY TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES

early in the evening. The crowds about the City Hall Park were pretty well thinned out by 11:30, but still the lines of people passing through the buildings remained unbroken. It is estimated that 34,000 persons viewed the remains between 9 P. M. and 1 A. M.

KNEELING AT THE BIER.

NEW YORK, August 6.—People loitered in the City Hall Park all night. They were first in the line that soon after 6 o'clock this morning began filing past the remains of Gen. Grant where they lay in the City Hall. At 6 o'clock, the hour fixed for admitting the public, the inspection officers were still filing into the plaza. The complement was present soon. Two lines of policemen were placed across the plaza from the City Hall entrance to the fountain. Meanwhile officers of the Twenty-second Regiment, who had been on duty through the early morning, were filing out of the City Hall. They were going home, and their places were being taken by the officers of the Twelfth Regiment. Sergeant Riley, with thirty men, picketed the corridors through the building so as to form

THE CHANNEL THROUGH WHICH THE THRONG SHOULD MOVE

to the exit on the Court House side of the City Hall. The Grant Post had mounted a detail at 5 o'clock, to serve from that hour until 8 o'clock. These men were placed nearest the catafalque, and the two lines of visitors passed between them and the casket on either side. All within the gloomy corridors was in readiness. Outside, on the top step of the City Hall, and in the middle of the channel of officers to the fountain, stood a big, brawny police officer. He would act as a wedge to split the current of people and send them in lesser streams through the gates, where they should flow past the casket as detailed. The clocks pointed to 6:06 o'clock, and at the inspector's orders,

THE IRON GATES WERE THROWN OPEN.

Ten or twelve hundred people had jammed up against the officers who barred the channel at the edge of the fountain circle. But when the gates swung open, the officers ceased to hold the people in check; and the stream began to flow past the remains and through the building. The first person to view the remains to-day was a spare, but sweet-faced little woman, who led with each hand a little boy. She was anxious her children should see the General's face, and the childen were permitted to halt an instant and gaze over the side of the casket, and peer into it. People were hastened. They were hurried through at 101 a minute, then

THE PRESURE WAS INCREASED TO 104 A MINUTE.

This was better. The procession was almost a lock step and the tramp was quick. A little bootblack with his box on his shoulder came along to see the dead General. His face shone and his hair had been freshly wet and smoothed out by the fountain. Men and boys, wan-faced women with lunch baskets and dinner pails, filed along. At 6:40 the running average per minute was 91, and the total then passed was between 2,700 and 2,800 persons. The channel was even full, with no clogging or crowding.

The hour from 6 to 7 was employed by

WORKINGMEN AND WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

in viewing the remains. They were on their way to work. The day was young, and the opportunity better than at any other hour of the day. All through the hour the formation of the line was at a point near the fountain. and the time of waiting was not more than ten minutes from the point where the line formed to the place where the remains rested. After 7 o'clock the line changed as to its personnel. There were less women and girls. They had gone through and were at work when the line began to lengthen. At 8 o'clock there was another change taking place in the complexion of the visitors. The laborers had gone. and the clerks coming down town were stepping from elevated and surface cars into the line, that was was moving then at the rate of 110 and 120 per minute. The police were reinforced at 8 o'clock. Details under sergeants and roundsmen had been arriving and reporting to the inspector from 7 o'clock. At 8 o'clock there were 487 men on duty. The channel with walls of police were extended in Y shape around the sides of the fountain circle, which, like a hopper, received the people, and from which they were straightened out in lines of twos and threes up to the City Hall steps. The guards at the casket were hastening the people; 150 per minute were pushed through. The hands on this clock dials marked 9 o'clock, the fountain circle was no longer the point of formation of the line

EVERY CAR AND TRAIN

coming down town added its quota to those anxious to look upon the face of Gen. Grant. By the remains U. S. Grant Post had mounted another detail of thirteen men, and of the men of Wheeler Post of Saratoga, which first mounted a guard about the Mount McGregor cottage after the General's death, was standing at the foot of the casket, while members of the military order of the Loyal Legion were likewise represented. Rapidly the people were augmenting. The crowd was fast becoming a throng. The line was being hurried through the hall at the rate of 140 per minute. and for a little while the pace was 170 per minute. which rate, if maintained for an hour, would have passed 10,200 persons. But this could not be done. To accomplish it the visitors must be hurried through and past the remains almost upon a trot. This rate of speed comported ill with the dignity of the occasion. But the accretions were too rapid to be cared for, and the lines of waiting people stretched out finally, at 10 o'clock. around the bend at the register's office, and down Centre street.

At 11 o'clock between 30,000 and 31,000 persons had passed the casket and looked toward the remains, though many coming rapidly in from the bright sunlight were scarcely able to distinguish them in the sombre shadows of the black-draped corridors. The floral offering of the Board of Alderman was set up during the morning beneath the rotunda dome, where the light streamed down upon it. The central column rose ten feet and was flanked by stands of colors, while the base was a bed of ferns and palms, among which was placed huge rows of white buds. An incident was occasioned by the attempt of an old lady who came up in the line to

STOOP AND KISS THE FACE OF THE DEAD GENERAL.

She was reminded hastily that such a proceeding was in bad taste, and there being two plates of glass prevented any demonstration of the kind.

As the morning wore on to midday, more women, young and old, appeared in the line of visitors. Many carried little hand-bags, and some had been shopping, and their discomfort was increased by the care of parcels and packages. Observers concluded quickly that these had come from hamlets and towns in the outlying country. Farmers there were in the line undoubtedly, and many had come to town with entire families of children, in order that in years to come they might have it to say that they had seen the remains of Gen. Grant. The increasing heat had melted the ardor of many who had secured places in the line, and not a few dropped out after having worked their way around even into Centre street. The numbers at the point of the fountain had decreased, and the people at noon were dropping into line at the corner of the City Hall and Chambers street and Broadway The passage of people at the casket was averaging about 100 a minute, and at 1 o'clock 42,000 persons had viewed the remains, seven hours having been occupied in so doing.

At two o'clock the procession extended in a crescent across the park and along the sidewalk to Chambers street, and along Chambers street to Broadway. The passage of the multitude into the hall was greatly hastened during the afternoon by the police and veterans in charge of the body permitting no loitering, and telling the people to step lively and hurry up, so that some timid folks had scarcely a chance to see the face of the dead General. At 9 o'clock P. M. the procession of the people to the hall was more dense than at any time during the day and was composed mostly of working people.

A committee has been appointed by the

EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

to represent Southern soldiers at the funeral. Among those on the committee are Generals Loring, Lilley, Dochery and Clingman; Colonels Snead, Duff. Sterret and Anderson, and Majors Clark, Quincy. McMulty. De Fontain, Sussdorf and Budgeford, and others.

General Gordon, of Georgia, who at Spotsylvania Court House. Va., checked General Hancock's advance through the captured

salient on May 12, 1864, and who commanded one wing of Lee's army and made the last assault upon General Grant's lines at Appomattox, has been appointed aid to General Hancock.

At 1 o'clock the crowd was stopped, and the corpse was left in charge of thirteen veterans of Grant Post, No. 237.

THE DRAPERY AND THE FUNERAL CAR.

New York City is now draped from one end to another. Broadway presents a grand spectacle. Mrs. A. T. Stewart's mansion is covered with the richest black and American flags. The funeral car is 16x10 and shows the casket well, and every portion of it is to be seen from the sidewalks. The car rises to the height of the ordinary second story building. It measures seventeen feet, and it has been balasted with three tons of pigiron to keep it steady. This is, of course, concealed by the heavy black cloth of which it is made. The casket, of royal purple and platform of dead black, reached by several black steps, the bottom one of which commences at the height of the ordinary wagon floor. It has over it a black canopy, held up by four richly draped posts, and cord, fringe and silk are lavishly used in its make-up. On the top of the casket lies a pretty patch of color in the shape of that green letter—the capital G—of oak leaves, which little Nellie made, and the back of the car forms a fitting background for the whole.

The car will be drawn by thirty horses. No white or silver appears in the draping. The body, framework and the wheels are covered with heavy black plumes, and a canopy rises in a pyramid over all, surmounted by great black ostrich plumes. The wheels are concealed by a heavy silk fringe reaching nearly to the ground. On the sides the drapery is arranged to form Maltese crosses, and in the rear the design represents a sunburst. Three steps lead to the platform of the car, where, on four supports in the center of the platform, the coffin rests. Three silk flags draped with crape and tied with black ribbons are grouped at each corner of the car, while a mass of draperies, fringes and tassels are arranged about the canopy.

TRYING TO GET A VIEW.

It is almost an impossibility at present to hire any kind of a place from which to view the procession in the uptown streets and avenues for less than $5 or $10. The speculators have secured every desirable site, and they are reaping a rich harvest. Not even standing room was left at the Brunswick yesterday afternoon. The Hotel Shelburn rented out all its large front windows at $35. The Hotel Bristol, at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, receives on an average $20 each for all its windows. These will accommodate about three persons, or four at the most.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—It looked like old war times at the hotels in the city last night. In fact, it looked like war times all over the city. Great crowds of strangers arrived on every train and boat, in anticipation of Saturday's funeral pageant. But it was in the hotel lobbies that the most extraordinary assemblages gathered, and friends of twenty years ago, who were made enemies by the war, shook hands and made it all up. Some of the scenes between the soldiers of the North and South were heart-stirring, and there were groupings of grand old figures on all sides. In the midst of such a scene stood General Phil. Sheridan. Suddenly a red faced man advanced, leading General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, toward the Union soldier. Then he introduced them, and the two old warriors seized hands with a firm grip and looked each other in the eyes. Then their hands trembled, but they did not release the friendly grasp, but stood there looking at each other with sparkling eyes. General Belknap, the ex-Secretary of War, came up with General Curtis, the one-eyed conqueror of Fort Fisher, and formed part of the group. It was a picture worthy of a great painter, as the Southern General, tall, black-eyed, long-haired, and scarred, pressed the hand of the famous soldier of the North. "This is how the soldiers of the North and South meet to-day," said General Curtis; "God grant that it is only an emblem of what is coming to the whole country."

As early as 4 o'clock Inspector Steers had a line of officers placed along the route of the procession from the City Hall gates to the fountain circle. At that hour there were some thousands dammed back by the 150 men that the inspector had on duty. At 5 o'clock another guard detail of Grand Army men were mounted at the casket. Between 4 and 5 o'clock the crowd had become a throng, and its line reached from the fountain along Park row to Center street, turning the corner of Chambers street. Every train on the big bridge brought recruits, who scurried across Chatham and Center streets to the point where the loose crowd was being merged into a solid procession. At the same relative hours to-day there were thousands more in the stream than yesterday, and the fact was due to the belief and experience that the early ones had yesterday the least time to wait. So it was that the early down town cars between 5 and 6 o'clock brought hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who thought to be in advance of the great crowd.

The City Hall clock marked 5:55 o'clock when Junior Vice Commander Cranston, of U. S. Grant Post,

LIFTED THE COVERS FROM THE CASKET,

passed his handkerchief over the glass plate, and then resumed his place at the head of his detail of Grand Army men. St. Paul's was tolling 6 o'clock when the iron gates were thrown back. The first to pass through were, as on yesterday, women. Each was

middle-aged, and each could not appreciate but that the day and the remains were at their disposal. Several hands and voices reminded them otherwise with not a little suddenness. A solid stream had again commenced flowing across the plaza to the entrance. The human stream was flowing just as though 100,000 had not shuffled over the same stones yesterday. After fifteen minutes the entire line was stepping, stepping, stepping, from away above Chambers street.

A FLORAL REMEMBRANCE FROM GENERAL GRANT'S OLD HOME,

Galena, Ill., was placed near the remains today. Inspector Steers this morning states that he has orders to close the gates at 1 o'clock, and he also states that the remains will then be turned over to the undertakers, and the public will not again be permitted to see them. At noon the line had extended up Broadway above Leonard street, and up to that hour 35,000 persons had visited the remains.

Midday passed and there was no diminution of the constant trail of people so anxious to see the almost unrecognizable face of the dead General. At one o'clock the line reached up Broadway to a point near Canal street. The tide was flowing past the remains at about 100 per minute, as on yesterday, and at 2 o'clock nearly 50,000 persons had viewed the body since the gates were opened at 6 o'clock this morning. Lieut. Col. Smith, of the Seventh regiment, this afternoon was seized with a fainting fit while sitting in the aldermanic chamber. Physicians were called and restored him to consciousness. All permits granted to truckmen to stand their trucks on side streets near the line of procession to-morrow were today revoked by the proper authority.

THE BELLS OF THE COUNTRY TO TOLL IN UNISON.

A number of churches throughout the country have signified their intention of tolling their bells when the funeral cortege leaves the City Hall to-morrow, and again when it arrives at Riverside Park. In order that they may be promptly notified, the Western Union Telegraph Company has arranged to announce over the wires throughout the entire country the time of starting of the funeral procession from the City Hall to-morrow morning and the final moment of deposit of the remains of Gen. Grant in the tomb.

THE GRAND DIVISIONS.

The field and staff officers of the naval brigade will be: Commander H. B. Robeson, Commanding; Lieutent R. H. McLean, Adjutant; Passed Assistant Surgeon D. W. Bertolette, Surgeon, and Assistant Paymaster L. C. Kerr, Quartermaster. For the marine battalion, Major Charles Heywood, Commanding; First Lieutenant Henry Whiting, Adjutant. Lieutenant W. H. Emory will command the infantry battalion, with Lieutenant H. H. Hadley as Adjutant. Lieutenant W. W. Kimball will command the artillery battalion, with Ensign F. R. Wall as adjutant. Naval Cadet A. H. Dutton will coinmand the pioneers.

Rear Admiral Jouett, who has charge of the shipping and war vessels that will form in the river and bay, has a very large list of orders. At sunrise ensigns, flags and pennants will be hoisted at half-mast. The President's flag will be displayed at half-mast on the flagship from sunrise until sunset. A gun will be fired on board the Despatch at intervals of one minute from sunrise to sunset. All vessels will cock-bill their yards, gaffs and lower booms. On the fore and mizzen masts of each vessel the starboard yardarms will be topped up. On the mainmast the port yardarms will be topped up. Yachts and other vessels which desire to participate in the ceremonies are requested to anchor to the southward of the naval vessels in columns of three in close order. When the procession starts from the City Hall the Despatch will fire twenty one minute guns. As soon as the Despatch has ceased firing the Powhattan and the other vessels in succession will fire twenty-one minute guns. At sunset the ships will haul down colors and square yards. After the funeral ceremonies the vessels which do not belong to the North Atlantic station will be relieved from duty under command of Admiral Jouett.

The Marine band will march at the head of the marine battalion of the naval forces on Saturday, the Vermont's band at the head of the battalion of riflemen, and the Tennessee's band at the head of the artillery battallion.

General Hancock has authorized the German Liederkranz to sing two songs of eight minutes duration at City Hall, and a similar authorization has been given to the United German singing societies.

The military will constitute the leading feature of the parade, this being under General Aspinwall, who has appointed, in addition to the list heretofore published, the following aids:

Generals John B. Gordon, F. Lopez de Queralta and C. H. Barney; Brevet Major General Edward Ferrero, Brevet Brigadier General W. H. Penrose, Lieutenant Colonel Charles M. Schieffelin. Colonels John B. Phelps and Robert Lenox Belknap, Brevet Colonel E. M. L. Ehlers, Colonels Joseph Tobias and B. Penn Smith, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Edward Haight, Majors R. Livingston Suckley and W. R. Mattison, Captains R. H McLean and F. I. Spencer, Lieutenant A. M. Parker, Captain DeWitt C. Ward, Major W. H. Corsa and Captain James W. Burick.

NUMEROUS WERE THE INCIDENTS OF THE DAY

while the people crowded through the City Hall to get a glimpse of the remains. "Old

memories, old memories," muttered one old man, "make the heart sick. Why, I was a middle aged man when Grant's victories were making the world wonder at his genius, and he was young. Yet he is dead and I jog along with the crowd." Another old man on crutches hobbled along and paused before the coffin. His head was bowed with grief, and a convulsive sob shook his frame. "Move on," said one of the guards of honor.

"NOW YOU HAVE ALL GONE.

Well may the country mourn. Let them weep as I weep." A countryman in an ancient blue cloth claw-hammer, with brass buttons, reverentially laid his hand upon the casket, and murmured while he held the other aloft, "General, I fit with yer, and I hope you are in a happy land." A white-haired daughter of Erin attempted to kiss the General's face. She looked amazed

THE LONELY TOMB AT RIVERSIDE ON THE HUDSON.

"Yes," replied the old man, "as well I can I will. I left this leg," pointing to a stump, "in the Wilderness, and now you complain because this one would linger near him."

An old woman came slowly along, her hand held by a mere child who was attempting to guide her. She hung over the coffin and gazed at the worn features. "Oh, General Grant," she moaned, "I gave you my man, my sons, and my sons' beautiful boys, and

when her nose bumped against the glass covering of the casket, and was hurried along before she had recovered from her surprise. About a score of men, women and children fervently kissed the edge of the casket as they passed, and one old man pressed the draperies of the canopy to his lips. A negro father with his little boy came in. The pickaninny was too small to see, and the father lifted him so that he could, the child's toes bumping the dais.

Many of the New York churches are tolling their bells at sunrise, noon and sunset, in honor of Gen. Grant. Those along the line of march will be tolled as the procession goes by. One of these last, the bell in the tower of the church corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, has a history extending far back into past generations, having been cast in Amsterdam in 1731. Among the many public occasions at which this bell has done service may be noted the date of July 9, 1776, at the time when the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of Washington's army, then stationed in this city. Also on July 4, 1790, that being the day of the reopening of the church for divine service after its desecration during the Revolutionary War. The bell was tolled on the occasion of Lincoln's funeral

DISTINGUISHED MOURNERS.

Colonel Hedges, who has charge of the reception and transportation of official guests, has completed his arrangements. There will be about 300 carriages in line. The carriage in which President Cleveland will ride will be drawn by six black horses. Immediately behind this carriage will follow six other open carriages, containing the Vice President and members of the President's Cabinet. Behind these will follow a carriage drawn by four horses, in which will be seated ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur. The other civic guests will follow in the order named below:

United States Senators—ten carriages.
Members of Congress—sixteen carriages.
Admiral Jouett—one carriage.
Commodore Chandler—one carriage.
Foreign Ministers—ten carriages.
Ex-Foreign Ministers—ten carriages.
Cabinet of Gen. Grant—four carriages.
Retired army officers—ten carriages.
Gen. Grant's staff—two carriages.
Family and relatives—seven carriages.
Clergy—four carriages.
Attending physicians—two carriages.
Pall-bearers—six carriages.
Gen. Sheridan and staff—four carriages.
Chief of Bureau War Department—four carriages.
Gen. Schofield and staff—one carriage.
Judges Supreme Court—six carriages.
Governor of Illinois and staff—eight carriages.
Governor of Michigan and staff—three carriages.
Governor of Wisconsin and staff—five carriages.
Governor of Massachusetts and staff—ten carriages.
Governor of New Hampshire and staff—three carriages.
Governor of Connecticut and staff—four carriages.
Governor of Maine and staff—two carriages.
Governor of Vermont and staff—four carriages.
Governor of Pennsylvania and staff—twelve carriages.
Governor of New Jersey and staff—fifteen carriages.
Governor of Rhode Island and staff—four carriages.
Governor of Iowa and staff—two carriages.
Governor of Dakota and staff—six carriages.
Governor of Virginia and staff—three carriages.
Representatives of Governor of Indiana—two carriages.
Legislature of New York—thirty carriages.
Gen. Franklin, President Soldiers' Home—one carriage.
Messrs. Drexel and Childs—one carriage.
Board of Indian Commissioners—two carriages.
Mayor and Representative of the City of Brooklyn—fifteen carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of New York City—thirty-five carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Boston—six carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of St. Louis—ten carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Hartford—three carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of New Haven—two carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Jersey City—twelve carriages.
Mayor and Common Council of Elizabeth—three carriages.
Order of the Cincinnati—five carriages.
Wheeler and Grant Post G. A. R.—four carriages.

GENERAL SESPENSION OF BUSINESS.

Advices to the Associated Press from large towns in this and neighboring states indicate a general tendency to suspend business and observe the day of Gen. Grant's burial with more or less solemn ceremonial. In a number of them the churches of the different denominations will join in union services. In Philadelphia business will be generally suspended, and a very large number are preparing to come to this city to witness the great pageant. The Pennsylvania railroad alone is preparing to bring 50,000 persons. The bells upon Independence hall and all public buildings will be tolled between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock in the morning. From Baltimore word is received that several thousand persons will come to this city to-morrow. All the trains are running full, and some of them are divided into sections to accommodate the throngs. Business will be almost entirely suspended, and many of the churches will hold memorial services. Boston advices say the Governor and staff and other State and city officers and a regiment of State militia left by special train this evening.

The procession to the City Hall at the hour of midnight extended above Canal street, a half mile away, and was four deep. It is estimated that as many as 300,000 persons have visited the hall within the two days that the remains were lain in state.

At 1110 A. M. the gates were closed for the night, and all those persons who had been in line were disappointed in not seeing the face of the dead General. At 10 o'clock the body will be taken to Riverside Park and the last of the obsequies over the great General will have eternal rest.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ARRIVES.

President Cleveland and party arrived at the Fifth Avenue hotel about 11 o'clock tonight, and proceeded immediately to their rooms. People from every section of the Union are here. The hotels and every other available place for sleeping are crowded to their utmost capacity to-night, and many have been forced to go to Brooklyn, Jersey City and other adjacent cities for accommodations.

REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD.

NEW YORK, August 8.—The hour was 1:18 this morning when the undertakers took charge of the remains of Gen. Grant, and after those within the City Hall had passed the coffin the great iron gates were closed,

and the lying in state of the ex-President had ended. The two lids which covered the casket were then screwed on, and the dead left in the care of the faithful sentinels. The coffin was covered with a wilderness of flowers, wreaths, etc., the most noticeable of which was a plain wreath of oak leaves, pinned together with stems of oak leaves, and formed in the shape of the letter "G." It was the contribution of Little Julia, granddaughter of the dead hero, and Little Josie, Dr. Douglas's child, the leaves being gathered from the oaks on Mt. McGregor.

By 4 o'clock the

SOLEMN STRAINS

of dirge music crept on the morning air, the blue-coated veterans of Meade Post, Philadelphia, five hundred strong, came tramping to the music of the trumpets, veterans entered the plaza, the muffled drums were beating, the heavy guns boomed out toward the sea, the chimes of old Trinity pealed mournful notes—it was the beginning of the funeral day. At six o'clock Wilson Post, of Baltimore, and a Chicago organization arrived, and at 7 o'clock the strains of solemn music floated in at the grated iron doors from many directions. At 8 o'clock the crowds grew denser around the plaza, and the David's Island Military band marched in and took position at the east end. At 8:50 General Hancock and staff trooped slowly in from Broadway, where they rested, and one hundred members of the Liederkranz society filed up to the steps of the City Hall and sang with impressive effect "Chorus of Spirits from Over the Water" and "Chorus of the Pilgrims"—Tannhauser. The honor guard of regulars followed, and then came the original guard of honor that was on duty at Mt. McGregor, and which alone should lift the remains—left of the casket, Comrades Corwin, Howatt, McDonald, Squires, Knight and Guillam; right of casket, Comrades Tibbitts, McKellar, McKelvey, Brodie, Collins and Baker.

AT 9:35 THE IMPOSING FUNERAL CAR

was drawn by twenty-four black horses in black trappings, and with great ceremony the coffin was placed therein. The clergy and physicians had paid respect to the remains by alighting from their carriages and accompanying them to the car. They entered carriages on either side of the plaza near Broadway, as follows: Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Haines, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. Field, Rev. Dr. Bridgman, Rev. Dr. West, Rev. Father Deshon, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rabbi Browne and Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands. The regulars were commanded to their positions, colored men were at the bridles of the twenty-four horses, sixteen men of Meade Post were almost directly in front of the team, and the David's Island band preceded them. A signal was given and the line of coaches moved out to Broadway. It was 9:47. The band played a dirge, the tramp of the regulars and honor guard beat upon the pavement, thousands beneath trees and crowding sides of the square looked silently on the black funeral car. At 9:52 the New York officials, headed by Mayor Grace, and the Common Council and Police Commission entered carriages.

ALL NIGHT LONG,

carpenters, with saw and hammer, were busy in Broadway, and when the sun arose hundreds of hastily erected reviewing stands from which the great procession could be reviewed at prices ranging from $1 to $10 per head, were to be seen. All empty stands along the route had been gobbled up by speculators. At 9 o'clock Broadway presented an animated spectacle. As far as the eye could reach, the sidewalks were thronged with people. Every train and steamer poured its flood into this artery of travel. Rich and poor, high and low, black and white, jostled each other along the walks, and took it as a matter of course. The presence of the presidential party at the Fifth Avenue Hotel drew an immense crowd about that place. In the main hall Gen. Sherman, tall, erect and smoking a big cigar, was the center of an admiring throng. The office was filled with military and diplomatic dignitaries, while the President and his cabinet ministers were at breakfast at one end of the building, and the Grant family quietly preparing for the pageant at the other end, committees, organizations and delegations gathering and getting ready, here, there and everywhere. Badges, sashes and military orders found way for the members in the seemingly inextricable confusion of swarming humanity. In a quiet little parlor off the ladies' parlor, facing the square, a group of serious men, most of them gray-haired and old, but nearly all erect and of vigorous physique, were putting on broad silken sashes of white and black. They were the pall-bearers, and they were a striking group. Near by chatted Generals Sherman, Buckner, Logan, Johnston and others, the first-named resplendent in a new uniform.

AT 8:30

the pall-bearers were summoned to their carriages, and the presidential party soon followed in an elegant turn-out drawn by six horses. The Grant family were quietly gathered in their parlors over-looking the square, and strangers were rigidly excluded from the hall leading to their room. Mrs. Grant was reported still ill and weak at Mount McGregor. They gathered at the hotel ready to take carriages for their positions in the parade when the column should have advanced so far as to permit their carriages to fall in line from the hotel. There were Col and Mrs. Fred. D. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Grant, Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Dent, Miss Cramer, Gen. Creswell, Mr. Stephen L. Moriarity, Senor Romero and Mr. W. J. Arkell. The members of the company who appeared at the windows as

the procession began to pass were the objects of general attention. Owing to the absence from the city of the majority of Fifth avenue residents the lack of mourning emblems in that thoroughfare was noticeable, the residences of Jay Gould and that of the late ex-Governor Morgan being the conspicuous exceptions.

AT 10:05

Gens. Hancock and Shafer rode under the windows of the hotel at the head of the procession. The sun was reflected from the maze of glittering gold on the uniforms of their staff as it trooped on behind, followed by the regulars, who, in passing, reversed arms, while the bands played mournful dirges. The regiments of the First division stretched southward from near Twenty-eighth street, in a continuous line, the Second Battery, without guns, occupying the extreme right. On the west side of Fifth avenue a continuous line of Grand Army organizations extended down as far as the eye could reach. Between these lines of citizen soldiers passed the long procession, with veiled flags and muffled drums, arms reversed, in sadness.

The great silent throng watched it go by from street and square, from windows, house tops, balconies and porches that seemed hanging on the air, so daringly had they been thrust forward from the buildings by the sight seers and anxious not to miss the memorable show.

There was not a foot of spare ground anywhere in sight, and how the police made way for carriages, the military and the marching thousands in citizens' dress seemed incomprehensive. But they did. Capt. Williams swung his club at the point at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, where the pressure of the throng was greatest, and his presence alone acted like a charm. In the crowd the utmost good nature prevailed. Everybody made room for every-body else to the extent of his ability, and no harsh words were heard. The showy white helmets and cream-colored jackets of the Twenty-second regiment of State troops made a continuous double file fronting the hotel. To the north of it the First and Second batteries, handsomely mounted, held the avenue as far as Twenty-eighth street. Throughout the line the crowd was so dense that its power to exercise pressure had passed. Where it stood it remained, an inert mass from sheer inability to move a foot. Even the policemen were walled in, and, finding their occupation gone, stood still with the rest, part and parcel of the immovable throng.

At 10:10 o'clock

THE GRANT FAMILY

took their carriages. Col. Fred. Grant and his wife rode with Nellie (Mrs. Sartoris), U. S. Grant and his wife and Senor Romero occupied the next carriage, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant the third, and the Cramer family the fourth carriage. President Cleveland and Cabinet then came out and entered carriages with Secretary Bayard, followed by Vice President Hendricks and his private Secretary in a carriage. Then came the members of the Supreme Court, U. S. Senators, the House Congressional Committee in a score of carriages, the committee of the State Legislature in thirty, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes and members of their cabinets, then the foreign ministers and diplomatic and consular officers under Gen. Grant's administration. These filled the carriages.

Then came the representatives of the different departments of the National Government. Next came the Governors of States with their staffs, and the representatives of various cities.

The Congressional Committees and other officials from Washington were distinguished by broad white sashes. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressmen Hiscock, of New York, and Reed, of Maine. One carriage held Congressmen John D. Long, of Massachusetts; Randolph Tucker, of Virginia; Ben. Butterworth, of Ohio, and Gen. King, of Louisiana.

The Senatorial Committee paired off as follows, the Senators riding in twos: Senators Morrill, of Vermont, and Cockrell, of Missouri; Sherman, of Ohio, and Ransom, of North Carolina; Ingalls, of Kansas, and Harris, of Tennessee; Palmer, of Michigan, and Miller, of New York; Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and Manderson, of Nebraska; Eustis, of Louisiana, and Blair, of New Hampshire; Brown, of Georgia, and Evarts, of New York.

Congressmen Bliss, of Brooklyn, and Ward, of Chicago, rode together, and Gen. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, Wheeler, of Alabama, and Lowry, of Indiana, were in one coach. One of the carriages containing members of Gen. Grant's military staff carried Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. Rufus Ingalls, C. B. Comstock and Wm. S. Smith. In another rode Gen. Parker, Grant's Military Secretary during the war, who was present at the meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox, and still has in his possession the original draft of the terms of the surrender in Grant's handwriting.

As soon as the catafalque had passed Twenty-third street the carriage containing Colonel Fred Grant, his wife and sister, fell in, and

THE MOURNER'S COACHES

fell quickly in line without confusion. Almost the last carriage had wheeled into Twenty-third street when General Daniel Sickles, with a pair of crutches beside him in the carriage, appeared. Following him there trod a seemingly endless army with banners, without show or gold or glitter, but with armless sleeves, the limping gait, and scarred faces that stirred men's minds as they passed with deep and strong emotion. These were the dead hero's comrades, who

shared his danger on the field of battle, had marched behind his victorious banners over many a road, and now walked with him to his last resting place, so many of them soon to follow; sadly, yet proudly they walked once more together. They were old men, most of them, but they walked bravely and kept up with the youngest. Some carried canes, more walked without supports of any kind. All had their badges veiled with crape and wore bows of crape on the left arm. Their tattered banners were veiled in black, and many Posts carried as distinctive badges sprigs of myrtle or evergreen on their breasts The procession seemed unending, stretching southward as far as the eye could reach. The streets all the way to the tomb were packed with people, and as the right of the column approached the tomb, the dull reverberations of the guns from the men-of-war could be heard, and the troops broke column from the left, marching to the right, or east side of the road. After forming in line arms were presented and the catafalque slowly passed.

When Fifty-seventh street was reached some trouble was experienced with the crowd, and the police were compelled to force a passage way, so dense was the crowd. The people were standing eight and ten deep, and it was with difficulty that a way was made through them.

After the President, the Vice President, the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and members of the House of Representatives, the Governors and their staffs, the ex-Presidents, Foreign Ministers, Diplomatic officers, Representatives of the Army and Navy had passed, the procession began to break up. The veteran and civic organizations left Fifth avenue by way of the streets between Fifty-third and Fifty-ninth streets, and gradually fell out of the line.

RIVERSIDE PARK,

where the remains were interred, was the scene of much discomfort during the day. Heat had followed the cool of the morning, and the succeeding hours added heat, and hundreds of thousands of people. Beneath a fir tree at the crown of the knoll rested a small charcoal furnace, near it were the tools and materials with which to seal the leaden lining of the cedar case into which the casket and remains of General Grant should be placed. Down the slope of the vault was a portable furnace, such as is used by workmen for heating bolts. In a group near by were five men, who should rivet fast the steel casket, within which both coffin and cedar box should finally be preserved. The steel case rested upon two marble blocks 8½ feet high, 3 feet wide, and 18 inches thick. Similar marble blocks had been sunk in the floor, flush with the surface, and upon those the remains of Mrs. Grant are expected to repose. Many persons were permitted to peer into the tomb, where the steel receptacle was waiting the body, then being borne uptown.

SOON AFTER ONE O'CLOCK

drum beats and the blare of trumpets was heard from the lower end of the park. A carriage came in view. It contained General Hancock. Trooping behind him were members of his staff, among them Generals Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee, and upon a commanding slope near the tomb the party drew rein. Meantime helmets were glistening and plumes were moving over the slope to the southward; the trappings from many horses shone in the sunlight; cannon and limbers drawn by horses ridden by artillerymen came over the brow of the slope; the orderlies galloped to and fro, and sabers and accoutrements clattered and rattled. The regulars and marines were coming down the drive. Mounted men with plumed hemlets; marines, with the uniform of the tars; the United States Marine corps, with bright uniforms; saddled horses, with riders dismounted, but holding their bridle-rein; cannon muzzles thrust from behind the lower bend of the hillock; pyramids of stacked guns, with glittering bayonets interlocked; along the drive solid walls of people upon the curbing; lines of uneasy and bobbing umbrellas; through the trees a vista in which the brown and rugged rocks of palisades pierced the woods and jutted above the river; the Hudson, too, glinting and flowing in the sunlight; so looked the scene northward from the tomb.

The Twenty-second and Seventh regiments marched up from the east and stacked arms near the ledge of the bluff, and the Powhatan, lying near, fired the first salute. The hills were calling back in echoes and the guns of the other war vessels in the river anon shook the air and started the echoes flying in the woods in the Jersey hills. Three and four o'clock.

THE TOMB YET WAITED.

But at 4:20 came a strain of the trumpets, and soon the sound of muffled drums. Carriages then came into view, and slowly rolled through the park. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris occupied the first, and then the clergy, and then Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands. The pall-bearers came after these. Gen. Joe Johnson rode beside Gen. Sherman, and Buckner and Sheridan were paired, while Gen. Logan and ex-Secretary Boutwell followed. Distinguished men came also besides these. The bearers and those invited alighted and took places near the tomb. Then David's Island band, playing Chopin's "Funeral March," came into view, while behind the black plumes of the funeral car could be seen.

The car stopped

ABREAST THE TOMB,

and the guard of honor ascended to bear down the casket. Colonel Beck formed his two companies of escort in a hollow square, between the tomb and the hearse. The

family carriages had drawn near. Their occupants alighted, and took position near the foot of the steps of the car. So they stood while the casket was being removed from the car, and when it was borne into the hollow square toward the vault, the relatives followed in this order:

Colonel Fred. Grant and wife, Mrs. Sartoris and the colonel's children, Julia and U. S Grant, U. S Grant, jr., and wife, leading little Nellie, the daughter of Jesse Grant. Jesse Grant and wife, U. S. Grant (second son of Orville Grant), Mr. Fred. Dent and Mrs. Dent, Dr. Cramer and wife, Potter Palmer and wife, Hon. John A. J. Cresswell and wife.

The cedar case rested on supports at the door of the sepulcher. The casket was deposited therein. Mead Post No. 1, of Philadelphia, represented by fifteen men, circled the casket. The commander took his post at the head, with officers and post commanders at the foot; the chaplain stood at the foot, and the colors were placed in front. The impressive ritual service of the G. A. R. was then performed, and

THE BUGLE CALL "REST"

was then sounded.

Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris read the ritual service for burial of the M. E. church. Directly behind the burial party stood General Hancock. At his elbow stood President Cleveland, Vice President Hendricks and members of the cabinet. Near the head of the casket, on the right, Sherman and Sheridan in full uniform, were uncovered during the entire service. At their sides were ex-President Arthur and Hayes and Senator Sherman. On the other side of the casket opposite were Admiral Porter, Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon and General Buckner.

When the religious service had ended, the trumpeter of Company A, Fifth artillery, stepped close to the casket and sounded the tattoo. Little Julia then laid on the coffin a wreath, "To Grandpapa." The guard of honor bore the remains within the tomb, and at 5:03 o'clock placed them within the steel case, the sealing of both leaden lining and steel case then being performed, as indicated above.

The family entered the tomb, remaining only a few minutes. They then sought their carriages, and, when entering, the Seventh and Twenty-second regiments, in line on the bluff, fired three volleys toward the river, after wich battery F, Fifth Artillery, fired three salvos from the knoll toward the hotel. The family carriages drove away, but were not out of sight when persons attempted to deface the tomb by writing names upon it. A guard of regulars was mounted at once, the military marched and the dignitaries rode away, and the long chapter was ended.

THE CAPTAIN IS ASLEEP.

LET the muffled drums mourn
Heavy and deep,
And flags with crape be borne:
The Captain is asleep.
On a hushed and solemn bed,
Alone he lies,
Tender words of him are said,
There are waiting for his hands
Love bouquets from many lands;
But he will not rise.

Never in his childhood days
Such slumber came;
Nor ere war's electric blaze
Streamed o'er his name,
When, through eyes with watching dim,
His young mother bent o'er him,
Wreathing hopes upon his brow,
Did he sleep so well as now.

Let the silver horns trail
Anthems that weep;
Let them voice the early tale
Of the Captain asleep:
Tell the struggles that he knew
Ere his life-work stood in view,
And the clouds that vexed his eyes
Ere his star flashed through the skies.

Men, you must his mourners be,
For he was brave.
Harvester of courage—he
Knew when to save.
Cruel as the tiger's fang
Until war was done,
He would soothe the smallest pang
When the fight was won.
Only death could conquer him,
And his fight with that was grim.
As in his best days of pride,
Hero to the last, he died.

Women, holy in his eyes
Was the pureness that you prize.
Palaces round him had smiled,
Kingly shows his days beguiled;
But he loved and sought release,
Turned from lofty spire and dome,
Came for comfort and for peace
To the fireside of his home.

Fame, you have done your best
For the Warrior of the West,
Who, with grand, heroic rush,
Reached your regions at a leap.
Sound his praise again—but hush!
The Captain is asleep.
Slumbering early; but 'tis best
That the weary man should rest.
He has had the care and strife,
Ten times over, of a life.

Grief, you came when Rest
Should have thrown her spell—
You were of rare barbs possessed—
Oh, you pierced him well!
It is brave to fall and die
With an arrow in the heart;
It is noble, great, and high
To live and bear its smart.
Sound so grand was never heard
As is pain without a word.

Let the muffled drums mourn
Heavy and deep,
And flags with crape be borne:
The Captain is asleep.
Warriors in the farther land
Who once lingered here,
Grasp our Chieftain by the hand,
Give him friendly cheer.

—WILL CARLETON, *in Harpers' Weekly.*

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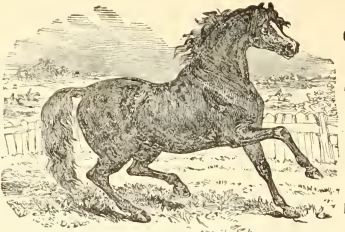

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